

# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC

and

Journal of the Musical Reform Association.  
For the Student and the Million.

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## Magazine of Music

CONTAINS:—

LEGEND.

Music by C. V. STANFORD. For Pianoforte and Violin.

THE HEART'S QUESTIONING.

Words by W. OSTERWALD. Music by ROBERT FRANZ.

Translated for the "Magazine of Music."

OLD ENGLISH DITTIES.

Leader .....	1
Staccato .....	2
Music in London .....	3
Workers and Their Work .....	4
Literature of Music .....	5
History of the Pianoforte—Home News .....	6
Rousseau and Music .....	7
The Opera in Paris—The New Opera .....	8
Chit-Chat—The New Albert Palace Organ .....	9
News Items—Berlin—Bohemian Musical Society—Foreign Jottings .....	10
Massenet's Opera, "Manon" .....	11
Letters from Our Correspondents .....	12
London and Provincial Concert Dates .....	13
Schubert's Sonatas .....	16
Musical Celebrities .....	17
The Organ .....	18
Familiar Letters .....	19
Reclant .....	20
Prize Competition .....	22
An Interview with Mr. F. H. Cowen .....	23
A Gossip About an Odd Volume .....	24
The National Music of England .....	25
Paganini Redivivus .....	26
Evenings with the Orchestra .....	27
Humoresque .....	31
Children's Columns—The Monochord—Music in Song .....	32

### THE MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

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We find many of our subscribers will be glad to have at hand a Directory in which would be found the names of artistes, composers, accompanists, and also professional teachers of singing, harmony, organ and piano, &c., residing both in London and their particular districts. We have, therefore, opened a Professional Card Directory on page facing "Questions and Answers." The Magazine circulates in every centre of population throughout the United Kingdom. Artistes will find it the best medium for bringing themselves before the public.

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### TO CONCERT GIVERS AND SECRETARIES OF CHORAL SOCIETIES.

We give this month in the Magazine a column of London and Provincial Concert Dates. This column will form a guide to the concert-room, and prove helpful alike to concert givers and to the public. We shall be glad to receive notices of forthcoming concerts, and below give form showing particulars that should be given.

Communications should be posted not later than the 20th of each month.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All editorial communications should be addressed to the Editor: MAGAZINE OF MUSIC, 34, PATERNOSTER ROW. Contributions, and letters must be accompanied by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication; but for the information of the Editor. Letters for Question and Answer column should be sent not later than the 15th of every month. It is desired that names be written distinctly to avoid mistakes. MS. cannot be returned unless stamp is sent for that purpose.

### PRIZE COMPETITION.

In consequence of the number received, we cannot undertake to return any MS., music, or drawing sent in for prize competition, therefore copy should be retained by sender.

We call attention to PRIZE COMPETITION, announced on page 22.

We desire an active agent in every town.

## The Keyboard Stave



*Wishing you every success*  
*Julius Benedict*

THE emissary of the *Daily News* who waited upon Sir Arthur Sullivan in order to obtain some matter for the delectation of the readers of that journal makes it appear that Sir Arthur committed himself to one or two rather questionable opinions between the whiffs of his cigarette. The popular composer takes a pessimistic view of the future of the musical profession in England—an attitude of mind that is the more surprising in view of the admitted growth of musical knowledge and culture. One would say, on a surface view, rather that the harvest of the profession is preparing, and that many may go forth to the reaping. Sir Arthur was, however, looking to the interests of those chiefly concerned in concert-giving, or the artiste class. It is doubtless true that cultured amateurs are doing something towards lessening the incomes of professional singers and players. The great public is now finding within itself, to an increasing extent, the means of musical enjoyment. And this is a circumstance which cannot for a moment be regarded with regret; for it makes evident that, whereas considerable audiences were at one time attracted by virtuosity, very much larger numbers of people are now entertained by pure love of music. To regard the palmy days of professional musicians as past is, however, to accept a needlessly dismal view. We are just now witnessing a partial reaction from the system which has enabled the *prima donna* to exact a wholly absurd sum for the singing of a few ballads. The economics of the lyric stage and concert-room are obviously destined to a drastic reform, and one of the results to be expected from the present rush into the profession is the making of musical enjoyment the heritage of the multitude instead of the privilege of the rich. A great increase will everywhere be discernible in the musical constituency, and by this increase all artistes of surpassing endowments and culture must profit. Opinions expressed in free and easy chat are not as a rule to be subjected to searching analysis; but it is precisely because Sir Arthur's remarks are typical of what passes in many quarters for well-considered opinions that his further comments on the German element in the teaching profession are worth noticing. Himself specially favoured by talent and good fortune, no suspicion of partiality was incurred in referring to the injustice alleged to be done to English teachers by the present prejudice in favour of Germans. But is the prejudice, if the word must be used, a misfortune? The demand for Italian teachers sprang from a recognition that they possessed for the time the best musical tradition; and the present vogue of German professors and artists has at bottom a similar explanation. For reasons which lie deep in our social history, England has a great leeway of music culture to make up. The Continental schools have been bearing fruit while ours were struggling into existence. What the next ten years may do to change the face of things will depend entirely upon our hospitable reception of culture from all quarters. It seems to be the mission of Germany among the nations to spread the love of music as a serious art: and the sphere of art should not be ruled by questions of nationality. It is not the least of the civilising influences of Music that her service forms a new confraternity wherein the most faithful finds at last the surest reward.





## "Staccato."

**B**OTH Sir Arthur Sullivan and Mr. F. H. Cowen have during the past month submitted to the ordeal of being "interviewed." Like Englishmen, good and true, they stand up for English music, and claim that English performers should interpret it. They already have a glimpse of the great national opera of the future, and believe in it. But before that time arrives, it may be as well to remember that there must be a great deal more of love of "art for art's sake," and a great deal less of fashionable caprice than at present characterise our patrons of opera.

**I**T is good news to hear of Mr. Cowen's serious thoughts of writing an opera. His promised revision of "Pauline," written for and produced by Mr. Carl Rosa, has now been laid aside, and, after having taken the highest honours in symphony, Mr. Cowen may well aspire to the prize in another of the highest forms of musical composition—grand opera to wit. As for Sir Arthur Sullivan, we fear that we cannot count on a speedy acquaintance with his so-long-talked-of Italian opera, "Maria Stuart."

**B**OTH refer to the "royalty" system, and we are especially indebted to Mr. Cowen for his outspoken words on this subject. He says, "I think the whole system of royalty songs is a mistake, though, frankly, I make money by it." A favourite artist undertakes to sing a new song, and on the title page we read "Sung by Miss or Mr. So-and-So," the agreement being that the artist is to receive a certain portion of the price of every copy of that song which is afterwards sold to the public. It is easy to see, as Mr. Cowen points out, what an "immense amount of rubbish has in this way been brought into the market." The only hope for better things is in the gradual improvement of the public taste, and in the good sense of vocalists, who all know what harm is done in this way, saving them from a position which has little of honour in it, and can certainly not contribute to their reputations.

**M**ARIAGO BOITO'S "Mefistofele" is making a very favourable impression in Liverpool operatic circles. Throughout the work he endeavours to make his music portray emotions produced by the continuous reaction of good and evil on the human mind; it may therefore with justice be regarded as a truer interpretation of the legend of "Faust" than the lyric stage has before witnessed. He seems to catch the hidden and intangible meaning, that to the less observant student would be passed over as meaningless. Necessarily the music does not boast of a wealth of seductive melody, but it abounds in harmonies expressive of the various situations, with now and again a gush of rhythmic song, breaking like a sudden streak of heaven-born sunlight into a gloomy atmosphere, which testifies to

the irresistible charm of musical contrast. Mephisto, in contradistinction to the conventional stage demon, is a commanding figure of august mien, and Mr. Ludwig adds power and fire to the impersonation. Marie Roze acts with her customary grace and vigour; her parts could not have been sung more brilliantly, and the histrionic details of her performance were perfect in their art.

**A** LABOURING man was fined by the Whitehaven magistrates last month the sum of one pound for "singing too loudly in church." There is a happy medium in everything, but this was clearly not the opinion of our north country Boanerges. Too literally following the Scriptural injunction to "make a loud noise," he disdained to sing with the crowd; and the consequence has been that Mr. Canter (curiously enough that is his name) has been punished as a "brawler" in church. While not in the least disputing the propriety of this judgment, we are inclined to think that it would be well if the whole question of noisy music in churches and chapels were reviewed. What is more common than to hear, after, it may be, a sermon dealing with solemn realities of life and eternity, an organist bursting out with the noisiest voluntary he can select? This matter of voluntaries has been lately discussed at length by several of our contemporaries; and it is certain that though the entire suppression of these pieces might be an extreme and unwarranted measure, far greater care in the selection of music suitable to the place and the occasion ought to be exercised by church organists generally.

**I**N almost every country in Europe except our own it is the custom for the Government or for the local authorities in the principal towns to make grants of money in support of operatic performances at the theatre. On one occasion the amount of the vote to be made for this purpose was being considered by the members of the municipal council of a certain Italian town. It was proposed to produce Bellini's "Norma" and Verdi's "I Due Foscari" (the subject of which is the same as that of Byron's "Two Foscari"), and the question was debated whether the municipality could bear the expense of bringing out these operas. Eventually it was decided that the manager should be informed that the council were willing to assist the production of "Norma" and of one of "I Due Foscari," but they really could not afford to pay for the other one!

**M**ME. SCALCHI'S breakfast bids fair to be of historical importance. Mr. Abbey, driven to his wits' end during his recent New York season by the illnesses of several of his leading artists, had suddenly to change the opera set down for a *matinée*, and he therefore called upon Mme. Scalchi to sing the great part of "Fides" in "Le Prophète" at about two hours' notice. She was not unwell; in fact,

the *impresario* would say, "Quite the reverse!" So healthy had her matutinal appetite been, and so profuse the breakfast with which she had regaled herself, that she at once negated the possibility of her singing at all at such short notice. Parodying a familiar *mot*, she might have said, "It was necessary that I should breakfast, it is not at all necessary that I should sing." The hard-hearted Abbey did not believe in the validity of this excuse, and brought an action for damages against Mme. Scalchi. A verdict against him, however, has been given by a New York jury, who sympathetically accepted the lady's contention as a true and reasonable one. This will probably be a useful precedent in matters pertaining to diet as indulged in by vocalists during an engagement.

**T**HE vexed question of musical pitch has been advanced a step by the adoption of the normal diapason by Her Majesty's private band. A considerable inertia has to be overcome, and no little expense would also have to be faced for new instruments before the French or low pitch could be introduced in the army. But a beginning having been made in high quarters, the gradual abolition of the high Philharmonic pitch may be counted upon. The present confusion, which will certainly not tend to decrease, may stimulate musicians to a general reform. In regard to the usage abroad the majority of Continental countries is against us.

**S**EVERAL travelling music saloons are said to have been constructed at a railway carriage works in the Midlands. Mr. Ruskin will doubtless regard this as an added horror to railway travelling, and probably he will be right. We can only speculate as yet as to how the music is to be provided, and what music is to be played; but if anything finer than a music hall ditty is to contend for hearing with the rush of the wheels, most lovers of music will prefer another saloon. Perhaps, however, the facilities for music are meant to beguile the time during the numerous stoppages, and to charm the savage breasts of angry passengers. There is a misdirected sense of refinement in this placing of pianos in travelling carriages while so much discomfort attends a railway journey in other respects. Might not the aesthetic directors find a sphere for music and art rather in the present cheerless waiting-rooms?

**M**USIC lovers generally, and organists, both amateur and professional, will hear with profound regret of the serious illness of Mr. W. T. Best, the Liverpool municipal organist of St. George's Hall. At one time Mr. Best's indisposition was of so stubborn and alarming a nature that his physicians viewed the case with well-founded anxiety. We are relieved, however, to hear that latterly the worst symptoms have relaxed their severity and yielded somewhat to the treatment. Mr. Best remains closely confined, and all his public engagements are temporarily re-



linquished. The bi-weekly organ recitals on the famous instrument in St. George's Hall are being carried on by Mr. H. A. Branscombe, a clever and respected local professor, and this gentleman has also filled Mr. Best's place at those of the Philharmonic Society's concerts in which the organ has been called into requisition. Mr. Best, by his ingenious and multitudinous arrangements and transcriptions for the organ, as well as by the superb and finished execution he displays, has enormously elevated the art and widened the scope of the organist, and everyone engaged in this branch of music is under immense obligations to him, and will earnestly join in the hope that he may be speedily restored to his usual measure of health and musical activity.

It is hinted that thought-reading will supply some of the amusing matter in the forthcoming Gilbert and Sullivan opera. Sir Arthur should take a hint from Mr. Shedlock, whose visit to Mr. Eglinton resulted in communications from Mozart and other great composers. Let him try if Mr. Eglinton and the slate will help him to any new ideas from the founts of melodic inspiration.

The lady who writes over the signature of Vernon Lee has a long and interesting paper in *Tune*, in which, adopting a somewhat fanciful method, she discusses some of the problems that meet all thoughtful students of music. Those who know the series of essays published under the title "Belcaro" do not require to be told that Vernon Lee is one of the most attractive and suggestive of the few contributors to musical literature.

There are often humorous episodes in the orchestra which the public misses. The other evening, at a concert in the North, when "Orpheus with his lute" was being sung, Mr. Manns became temporary holder of a violin, and, being in a genial temper, placed the instrument under his arm and thrummed in lute-fashion an accompaniment. Orpheus, despite his fabulous skill, would have been glad to take lessons from the esteemed conductor.

MR. VICTOR A. BENHAM'S Pianoforte Recital at Prince's Hall on the 21st did great credit to his excellent memory. He performed for over two hours without music. His repertoire was very varied, consisting of selections from the works of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin, and Liszt. Besides this, we must not omit to mention a sonata improvised by Mr. Benham on a theme given by one of the audience, which was highly creditable to its author. Mme. Helen Hopekirk gave the first of three recitals at Steinway Hall on the 15th ult. This gifted pianist, who is a native of Scotland, seems to have established herself firmly in the affections of the American concert-going public. Her programmes are models of their kind, combining as they do the masterpieces of classical form with the better examples of modern bravura work.

## Music in London.

THE musical activities of Christmas time are mainly confined to numerous performances of the "Messiah," and to carol singing, more or less tuneful, within and out of doors. But the interregnum is not of long continuance. On January 5th the Monday Popular Concerts resumed their course, and it will not be long before the musical life of London returns to its wonted vigour. On the date alluded to, the one novelty was a sonata composed by Signor Piatti for violoncello and piano, and played by the veteran artist, *facile princeps* of the cello, and Mme. Haas. As might have been expected, it is a remarkably brilliant and cleverly-constructed piece of music, and, performed as it was, delighted all who heard it. The first movement, "Allegro," is the longest, and consists of a suave and pleasing air, elaborately worked out with great skill. The "Andantino," which follows, based on an air which, as the programme-writer points out, resembles "John Anderson, my Jo," has something of a Volkslied character, vigorously sustained. Perhaps the third movement, "Presto," is the best movement of the sonata. The work is a fine one, though perhaps hardly attaining to classic rank. Mme. Haas gave an admirable rendering to Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor. Beethoven's Quartet in C minor, Op. 18, No. 4, was splendidly given by Mme. Néruda and MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti, and Miss Carlotta Elliott was the vocalist in the place of Mr. Edward Lloyd, unable to appear through a sore throat.

On the 12th Mme. Essipoff made her welcome reappearance at these concerts. Her solos were Mendelssohn's Prelude in E minor, Chopin's Nocturne in D flat, Op. 27, No. 2, and a Mazurka by M. Godard, the French composer. In these she showed all the delicacy of touch and perfect technique that distinguish her. It may possibly be due to the Bechstein piano on which she played, that in the trio in G minor by Rubinstein, a rather uninteresting work, that followed, the volume of sound, especially in the bass, almost overpowered the parts of her co-performers, Mme. Néruda and Signor Piatti. Mme. Essipoff afterwards accompanied Signor Piatti in Chopin's showy and spirited "Introduction and Polonaise." The Quartet was Schumann's beautiful one in A minor, Op. 41, No. 1. Mrs. Hutchinson sang very charmingly songs by Purcell and by Miss Maude Valerie White.

The concert of the 19th witnessed the extremely successful debut of Mr. Max Pauer, son of Mr. Ernst Pauer, the well-known pianist. Mr. Max Pauer is a very young man, but he has evidently been trained in the best school, and his courage in selecting Beethoven's great sonata in A flat, Op. 110, was completely vindicated by a performance which was throughout skilful, refined, and thoughtful in a marked degree. It may have been somewhat wanting in

energy, but this self-repression is assuredly a favourable sign in a young player. He afterwards joined Signor Piatti in Schumann's "Stücke in Volkston." In the Quartet, so great a favourite with Mme. Néruda, Spohr's in A flat Op. 23, it need hardly be said how perfectly she played or how well she was seconded by MM. Ries, Hollander, and Piatti. Mlle. de Lido, a newcomer to this country, made a fairly successful debut in songs by Tschaiakowsky, Lassen, and Goring Thomas. Of the Saturday Popular Concerts, including, as they have done, the same players, little need be said in detail, save that on January 10th a fine performance of Beethoven's Septet, so familiar to all musical enthusiasts, was given.

ALTHOUGH Haydn's "Creation" is not now so often performed as it used to be, time has not one whit impaired its beauty, melody, and freshness, for the best music never grows old. After the gigantic performances to which we are accustomed at the Royal Albert Hall it was especially delightful to hear again the tuneful and cheerful strains of this oratorio. The choruses were magnificently given, the effect of "The heavens are telling," with the great mass of voices pouring out that noble music, being wonderfully impressive. Mrs. Hutchinson took the soprano part, and her sweet voice and refined style were conspicuously shown in "With verdure clad." Mr. Charles Wade, who has been for some time favourably known, first as an amateur and then as a promising recruit to the ranks of our professional tenors, was entrusted with the tenor music. Mr. Santley, who must now have sung the bass part hundreds of times, sang as vigorously as ever. Mr. Barnby conducted, and Dr. Stainer gave very efficient assistance at the organ.

The first of Mr. Boosey's Ballad Concerts this year was dedicated to national music, and none could grumble at the selection which was made. The singers at these concerts are always among the first in their profession, and Mme. Néruda's violin playing and the part singing of Mr. Venables's choir make up an entertainment which, in the judgment of those who like music "with a tune," is hard to be surpassed. Mme. De Fonblanque sang "When daisies pied" exquisitely; Mme. Antoinette Sterling, of course, brought the house down with her favourite "Caller Herrin" and "We're a noddin'," and Mme. Valleria charmed everybody with "Kathleen Mavourneen" and "The Maid of Allan Water." Mr. Edward Lloyd, now quite recovered from his cold, gave "Oft in the still night" with great refinement and feeling, and Mr. Barrington Foote was most acceptable in the character of "The Miller of the Dee." Signor Foli (to whom the precincts of St. James's Hall appear to be decidedly dangerous) had jammed his hand in the door of his cab when alighting, and the pain prevented him singing in the first part. However, he appeared afterwards, and sang with no diminution of his usual vigour and noble voice.



## Workers and their Work.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

IT is dusk in Victoria-street as Sir Arthur Sullivan stands at his own fireside, smoking his cigarette, which lightens the labour of finishing the score of the new comic opera to be presently read at the Savoy Theatre. On the walls around hang sketches by the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, a portrait of Jenny Lind, presented to the composer by that admirable artist, and an engraving of Raffaele's Madonna di San Sisto. Questioned, Sir Arthur says:—

"As a general matter of habit, I write almost entirely at night, when posts have ceased from troubling and omnibuses are at rest. I can do more between twelve and four, when my quiet is entirely undisturbed, than I could get through in the whole day. And as I am not obliged to rise early it seems as convenient a time for working as any other. You, who know what it is to be perpetually disturbed while writing copy, will at once understand how fatal interruption must be to musical composition. I don't for an instant infer that one is easier than the other, yet cannot help thinking that writers can pick up the broken threads of an idea more swiftly than musicians can. It is impossible for us to work to advantage in short spells, bit by bit, as it were, for an hour or so at a time, as I understand one can write or paint. It takes a long time for the musician to get thoroughly hold of his subject, and when he is in full swing he likes to write on and on till he is beginning to get tired. Nobody, I should think, could write any fairly good music when he is fatigued and jaded."

"You have never undergone the drudgery of teaching?"

"I have given a few lessons, but very few. I began to write early in life, and, during the time I was composing serious music, went through some little hard times, like other beginners in every art or craft. But instead of teaching for bread I, fortunately, wrote songs, at first for five and then for ten guineas a piece and more. They happened to strike the public taste. Many of these I published on the 'royalty' system—so much per copy sold. 'The Lost Chord' has brought me a yearly income ever since. The only one of my better known songs that I sold outright was 'Sweathearts' for £700 to Chappells. I was pleased to get so much money, and I hope and believe my friends did well by the bargain. You know all about 'Cox and Box' with Mr. Burnand's capital words, and my subsequent work with Mr. Gilbert. The sale of the book containing the full score of 'The Pirates of Penzance' was almost incredible. The first batch ordered and printed was 30,000. I have a collaborator in Mr. Gilbert, who writes lyrical words in a manner equalled by no living author. Words pretty enough to read are not always effective when sung. Fortune has been very kind to me."

"It is precisely because you have gained such honours and rewards as to be beyond all suspicion of envy, jealousy, discontent, or dis-

appointment that I ask your opinion on the present and probable future of music and musicians in England."

"I have been successful in my own country beyond my deserts, and I am always received most cordially abroad. I am, I believe, but am not quite sure, the only English composer of to-day who has had an important work performed by the French Conservatoire. I am to conduct the forthcoming Leeds Festival, and have personally nobody and nothing to complain of. And I do not teach. So I can afford to be outspoken on behalf of my brethren. The knowledge and appreciation of music have enormously increased in this country during the last twenty years, and will probably go on increasing; but I am not so sure that the position of the professional musician will improve in proportion. In England there is still a curious preference for musical foreigners. Italians, Frenchmen, and, above all, Germans are preferred both as teachers and executants. For instance, the direction of the Birmingham Musical Festival is considered a sort of blue ribbon among English musicians. It has been given to a foreigner who speaks very little English, against whose ability I have not a word to say, except that a German who cannot speak English appears oddly selected to conduct English choruses."

"Sir Michael Costa was a foreigner."

"True; but he was domiciled in England, and, moreover, had a position such as no other person is likely to enjoy. He reigned at once over the Royal Italian Opera and the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies. And he was an almost ideal conductor and a sound musician, although not endowed with any special creative faculty. He, of course, conducted the Birmingham Festival for years. This was very different from importing a foreign musician for the occasion."

"You then hold patriotic views as to art?"

"I know it is laid down that art has no nationality. In a broad sense this is true, but in its particular application to musicians it is very wide of the mark. As a free-trader you insist on free-trade in art. Tell me then how English musical executants are received abroad, how an English violinist would get on in a French band, how an English flute player would be accepted in Germany. I am not referring to 'stars,' but to good average performers. Look at the conditions of the Paris Grand Opera concerning the production of new operas by French composers! There is no idea of 'fair-trade' or reciprocity of any kind with regard to ordinary English musicians abroad. But English people, who have excellent professors of their own, prefer Germans to teach the pianoforte to their children. Perhaps they get them cheaper. I do not know, but I should think it very likely from various incidents which have come to my knowledge. The prejudice in favour of foreign teachers seems to promise badly for the young people whom we are now educating as musicians in this country."

"The field of labour will grow larger."

"Not in proportion to the number of hands. There is, I apprehend, imminent danger of the supply outrunning the demand. And so long as distinct preference is shown for foreigners the profession will remain as the

only one without prizes. When the greatest distinction that an English musician can achieve is conferred upon a foreigner, not even resident here, what have our young people to look forward to? They are an army of rank and file without hope of commission or command."

"Or a church without bishoprics."

"Without deaneries, rectories, or even curacies, so long as foreigners are employed in preference to Englishmen. If there were no competent conductors for a great musical festival in this country I would say nothing; but there are several—Mr. Barnby, Mr. Cowen, Mr. Stanford, and others. Foreigners will have nothing to do with our pictures, our books, our music or musicians. Why we run mad after them and their work I do not understand. There seem to be art periods in various countries. That of German music since Bach has been very short. Excepting Wagner, whom it would be too long to discuss, the last great German name is Schumann. Take purely French music from Grétry to Gounod, and tell me what it all amounts to. Now I come to Italian opera. You understand perfectly that I do not mean opera sung for convenience in Italian, as the elder scholars wrote in Latin as a common language, but the modern Italian school of opera. The Italian opera of the chief masters, Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini is dead for a very good reason. These composers of melody wrote for great artists, for a galaxy of wonderful singers who interpreted their work superbly. When these melodies are now sung by an artist of nearly the same calibre everybody will go to hear them; but the operas are not intrinsically strong enough to bear indifferent or even moderate execution. In 'Semiramide' there is a duet which is good for nothing unless it is sung to perfection. And the famous things in 'Norma,' 'Sonnambula,' and the 'Puritani' require exquisite handling, and voices of exceptional power. Just now there is a scarcity of great singers, and Italian Opera, properly so called, is dead, for a time at least, in consequence of the impossibility of adequate performance. The rage now is for everything German in music, just as it is for German clerks in the City."

"Is not the area of music large enough for all?"

"Not, as I think, for all who are now studying it as a profession in this country to make a living upon. Everybody cannot achieve success as a composer. Playing the organ at church is a help to a young musician, but those who hope to live by their art divide themselves naturally into two classes, teachers and executants. I will give you in round numbers an idea of the army of young persons now going through a course of instruction at the public institutions in London. The Royal Academy of Music has 500 students, the Royal College of Music 200, and the Guildhall School of Music I believe 1,300 or 1,400. I do not say that all of these, especially the latter, intend to live as professional musicians, but a great number have a hope of doing so. It is, I should think, very foolish to give a son musical training unless he has almost what is called genius, or at least decided talent. Competition will be very great, and the weaker will be thrust to the wall. At this moment a



great number of well-taught young musicians are very hard put to it to find anything like employment, remunerative or otherwise. The sheet-anchor of these is supposed to be teaching, but teachers are, owing to many causes, becoming more numerous than pupils. As for the executants, they have to struggle against foreign competition also. The possessor of a very fine voice has an advantage over everybody, but many strive to become singers who are very poorly qualified in that prime necessity. And when singers and instrumentalists are proficient they are met by a serious competitor in the shape of that new development, the musical amateur."

"Is he or she very formidable?"

"Extremely so as interfering with the bread and butter of the profession. You urge that the general interest of the public in any pursuit must be in favour of those professing it, and quote the prosperity of the theatre as an instance. The cases are not parallel, although there is some similarity between them. You know the theatrical amateur well! Have not you found that he is, as a rule, much more interested in what he acts himself, and his friends and rival amateurs act, than in studying the method of a genuine actor, except perhaps for low comedy business? He will go sometimes night after night till he learns 'that bit of business' with the key or the candlestick, or whatever it is, but he is all the time thinking how nearly he can imitate Brough, or Toole, or Terry."

"Still he goes to the play, and in a manner encourages the drama, as the musical amateur goes to opera, oratorio, and concert."

"Hardly. I think, on reflection, you will agree with me that musical amateurs as a body go very little to public performances. They care as a body infinitely more for their own singing and playing than for that of the most famous artists. Look at the audiences at the Monday 'Pops' and many other concerts. They are composed of the same persons, not of musical amateurs. Many of these sing and play very well, and as nearly everybody likes what is fairly good and costs nothing better than something very good for hard cash, musical amateurs make their own and their friends' music instead of paying professional performers. Such joys are cheap, and appear to interest the musical mind very much. But they lop off an important item from an artist's income, just as vast institutions like the Guildhall School of Music deprive private teachers of numerous pupils. I should think half the music of London is performed by amateurs to one another. They have their inner public, their partisans and admirers, just like Handel and Bounoncini, Grisi and Lind, Wagner and Gounod. They are happy among themselves, but afford very slender support to professional musicians."

"Then you are not hopeful as to the outcome of enlarged musical teaching?"

"It is only as to the craft that I am not very sanguine. It may be excellent for the nation if hard on my brother English musicians. Possibly it is only a phase of a change which may make England a great musical nation. I will not attempt a forecast on this part of the subject. What I see before me is that foreigners are preferred for teaching, and for the great prizes of the highly skilled

musician; that amateurs are becoming in a way rivals to the profession as executants; and that probably a great school like the Guildhall School of Music, with excellent professors, is perhaps a little confused as to its purpose, or is in a measure diverted from its purpose by the public. The latter is quite in consonance with our national genius for giving to those who have. When an educational prize such as a scholarship is bequeathed, it is competed for and sometimes won by the children of parents who could amply afford to pay for their education without begging from the founder. Our old grammar schools have been treated very much like this, and when cheap and admirable musical education is given for sums not exceeding forty pounds a year, persons of considerable income avail themselves of the opportunity. But the effect is curious. The classes intended to be benefited are cut out, and the intention of the foundation reversed. The Guildhall School of Music gives excellent teaching to intending teachers and also a crowd of ordinary pupils. It thus educates teachers and takes away the persons to be taught, by making the latter its own pupils. Perhaps the right people are sometimes missed, but very rarely, I think, for musical capacity is of all that which declares itself early."

"Shall we ever have a genuine National serious Opera?"

"I know the American saying about prophesy, so I don't pretend to know. But it seems likely enough. There is room for something, and this might be created here as well as on the Continent and imported. But many conditions are required for success in operatic management. I apprehend that a successful opera must be played every night to make money. Life is too hurried now to calculate over one opera on Mondays and Wednesdays, another on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and another on Fridays and Saturdays. People will not, I think, do this; and then, if you run your opera every night, you require a double cast—or, as they say in your coal country, a 'double shift'—of singers. Good singers will hardly consent to sing through a grand opera every night. Very few have sufficient physical power, and even they would be wise not to exert it. So there would be difficulties in management, apart from composition and execution. You must also consider the rivalry of the concert-room. I do not now speak of the great rewards given to *prime donne* popular throughout the civilised world. My remarks are generally concerning musical people, in Mark-lane style, 'from fair to middling.' But a good singer can now get as much for singing two or three songs at a concert as for singing through a long and difficult opera, requiring some knowledge of the stage as well. But I yet think that England may become a great musical country, and that before long we may have a National Opera."

And Sir Arthur Sullivan having finished his cigarette bids me farewell, and addresses himself to his writing-table to get on with the score of the new comic opera. It is needless to inform the readers of the *Daily News* that musical composers do not "tinkle-tinkle" on the pianoforte to develop their ideas, but put them upon paper at once, without piano or other instrumental or vocal accompaniment.

## Literature of Music.

### "TARANTELLA": A ROMANCE.\*

THE writer of this romance has already won the favourable regards of readers by useful work as an essayist and biographer. We do not remember any former attempt at fiction from her hand, and there are indications that "Tarantella" is a first romance. This fact may justify some remarks in mild deprecation of the method the writer has adopted. The affinities of "Tarantella" are obviously to the German romantic school, which in the main has neither the merit of dealing with problems of morals and of mind, nor of photographing social phases. There are traces of Paul Heyse's influence in "Tarantella," and it cannot be said that it is the better side of Heyse's art which has persisted. His power of clear-seeing and of resolving moral relationships in a lofty and pure way would add strength to any fictional effort; but "Tarantella" suggests the work of the German writer rather by the imaginative setting of the whole, and by a certain laborious and, it must be added, artless providing of a standpoint from which to view the chief interest of the story. The whole of the first book is occupied with pictures in which German life is wrought in with nature-impressions, the product alike missing the force of reality and of such charm as there is in pure rhapsody, while succeeding simply in being hazy. We are mistaken if readers would not gladly part with the pages of pretty, and, in its way clever writing, for a few touches of grim fact, and willingly exchange the fantasies of German maidenhood for characters with some substance in them. Moreover, little satisfying as this shadowy poetic picturing is in itself, it does not gain upon the reader when discovered to be the means of detaining him from the essential purpose of the book.

The story of "Tarantella" really begins with the second book. From this point there is a directness of narration, and often a vividness in the treatment of real life-complications which fairly hold the reader's mind. Here emerges, too, the justification in some degree of the imaginative colouring of the story, which is now seen to take its *motif* from a popular myth. This myth—familiar to students of musical form—attributes to the dance known as the tarantella a peculiar charm in healing the bite of the venomous spider—the tarantule. As is well known, there is no real connection between the insect and the origin of the dance form, both deriving their names from the province of Tarento; but the efficacy of the dance was long firmly accepted in Southern Italy. Miss Blind contrives with considerable skill to employ both the mythic element and the actual phenomena of restoration from trance-like states by the power of music, which phenomena are susceptible of scientific explanation as forms of hysteria. In what way the musician, who forms the principal character in the romance, is led to compose a tarantella; how he becomes bound thereby to a maiden of Capri, and the conduct

\* "Tarantella." By Mathilde Blind. T. Fisher Unwin. 3 vols. 1885.



of their fortunes, must be sought in Miss Blind's volumes. The interest for musical readers is strong throughout. There is special power shown in analysing the effect of the dance rhythm on a nervous organisation, and the growth of the maestro's fame is made the occasion of very readable descriptions, and of scenes illustrating the musical life. Miss Blind has broken ground in a very rich field. The life of the studio has been often set forth, and the vicissitudes of poets have become part of the commonplace of fiction. But as yet there has been no adequate treatment of the musician's life, although the aspirations, the fever, and the temptations of such a life offer opulent materials for the novelist. The reason probably is, that the story-teller's equipment is rarely combined with the specialist's knowledge. Without this knowledge writing on subjects drawn from music tends to rhapsody, and rhapsody is unprofitable even when it has the verbal beauty of "Tarantella."

## History of the Pianoforte.

MERLIN changed the octave stop to a third unison about the year 1770, which rendered the instrument equally powerful and less likely to get out of tune, the octave stop being affected by the least change of temperature. The quill plectra of the harpsichord so quickly wore out that various substitutes were tried, as the process of quilling took many hours, but neither leather, tortoiseshell, ivory, nor any of the substances used were found to answer as well as the crow-quill. It is strange to notice how old inventions, when revived, supersede improvements, or supposed improvements, that had before superseded them. Farina, a celebrated harpsichord maker, revived a species of clavicitherium, which was imitated by so many German makers that the catgut-stringed instruments threatened to take the place of those with steel and brass wire, while the upright clavichord was revived in a modified shape as a new invention by Rigolo, of Florence, in 1625, under the name of the upright harpsichord. This shape was again introduced nearly two hundred years afterwards, under the name of the upright piano, as a novelty, and had almost superseded the grand in France and England.

M. Fétis, in his "Sketch of the History of the Pianoforte," refers to the numberless attempts to make the harpsichord capable of expression in playing. He says, "Harpsichords were constructed with more than twenty different modifications to imitate the sound of the harp, the lute, the mandoline, the bassoon, flageolet, oboe, violin, and other instruments. In order to produce these different effects, new rows of jacks were added, which were furnished with materials of the softest kind and most conducive to expression; and yet, with all the complication of stops, springs, extra rows of keys, and Venetian swells over the strings, the grand secret—the real shading of the *piano* and *forte*—was still wanting.

Nothing better was devised for augmenting or diminishing the sound than to put in motion different rows of jacks, so as to withdraw them from or approximate them to the strings at pleasure."

Godfrey Silbermann, of Freeburg, made several improvements in the harpsichord about the middle of the eighteenth century—especially in the keyboard, which he extended, and in the touch, which he lightened. He also revived the clavichord in a slightly altered form, thus taking a step towards producing the pianoforte—for in this instrument, the *clavicin d'amour*, the strings were struck as in the old clavichord, and pressed up exactly in the middle of each string by the brass wedge, which formed a middle bridge, allowing the string to vibrate in the lengths behind and in front of it. This was a step in the right direction, although a step backward, but was not followed by any other striking mechanism for some years.

Our best English makers were the Haywards and John Hitchcock. After them, Kiew, Slade, John Harris, and Rutgerus Plenius, who invented the lyrichord in 1741. This instrument, which was intended to imitate stringed bow instruments, was played upon by means of a keyboard and a treadle that turned a circular bow, used for vibrating the strings when pressed near to it by the keys' mechanism. The invention has lately been revived, in a slightly modified form, under the name of the *piano quatuor*. Tabel introduced some ingenious improvements, but one of his foremen, Burckhardt Tschudi, or Schudi, acquired a still greater reputation. Another of his workmen, Jacob Kirkman, also became a celebrated manufacturer, and he was the means of restoring the harpsichord to the favour that the guitar temporarily usurped.

Burney, in "Rees' Cyclopædia," article "Guitar," says that the common guitar was so much in vogue among all ranks of people as nearly to ruin the harpsichord and spinet manufacturers. Ladies sold their harpsichords for a third of their cost, till Kirkman, after spending nearly all his money in buying up these instruments for better times, made a present of a number of cheap guitars to girls in milliner's shops and ballad singers. He then sent them through the streets, singing to a few accompaniments that he had taught them. In this manner he soon made the ladies ashamed of their vulgar and frivolous taste.

The harpsichord, although so universal an instrument, was gradually supplanted by the pianoforte. As that instrument came into public favour, Moscheles, when giving his "Soirées Musicales," in 1838, had very great difficulty in finding one upon which to perform some of the lessons of Scarlatti, Handel, and Bach.

HERR POLLINI, the famous manager of Hamburg, proposes, it is said, to play German opera at Drury Lane, with Frau Sucher as *prima donna*, twice a week, and Italian opera, with Mme. Patti, also twice a week. We hope he will be able to come to terms with the management. Opera should have a better chance than usual under so able an *impresario*.

## Home News.

GOUNOD'S "Redemption" was given at the special services held at St. Anne's Church, Soho, on Friday evening, the 23rd ult.

MR. J. S. TANNER, proprietor of the Royal English Opera Company, has been seriously ill of late, but is now making satisfactory progress towards recovery. When convalescent he will take a voyage to Australia, or go on a yachting cruise in the Mediterranean.

A NEW ode for voices, orchestra, brass band, and organ has been composed for the opening of the Albert Palace by the musical director of the establishment, Mr. A. J. Caldicott. It is intended to make the performance of large choral and orchestral works a special feature among the many attractions of the place.

A CONCERT in aid of the University College Hospital, organised by the servants of the London and North-Western Railway Company, was held in the board-room of the Euston Station on the 9th ult. The Euston Glee Union admirably acquitted themselves, and Mr. J. Raynor, a railway guard, and his young family, evidently yielded much gratification by their vocalisation. The result of the proceedings will be handed over to the hospital.

IN the course of his speech in reply to a cordial vote of thanks, Mr. P. E. Hansell, treasurer of the Norwich Festival, said:—"If the *prima donna* at this Festival had done as previous *prima donnas* had done the receipts would have been enlarged. But when asked by Mr. Hansell for a subscription the reply was that 'Charity began at home,' and the lady referred him to her father. (Laughter.) No donation was given, and he (the treasurer) felt sorry for Miss Nevada's sake."

THE Lyric Club, which used to meet at the hospitable mansion of its honorary secretary, Colonel O. H. Goodenough, has, since his lamented death, been without a fixed habitation. The committee have recently reorganised the club (the only musical club of any social importance in London), and have taken premises at 175, Bond-street, where their serial concerts will henceforth take place, and the usual comforts of a club will be provided. A limited number of professional musicians will be admitted on nominal terms.

THE arrangements for the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace are being rapidly pushed forward, and the following eminent artists have already been engaged:—Mme. Albani, Miss Annie Marriott, and Mme. Valleria, Mme. Patey and Mme. Trebelli, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and probably Mr. Maas, Signor Foli, Mr. Bridson, Mr. F. King, and Mr. Santley. Mr. Manns will conduct, and the band and chorus will be of the usual gigantic dimensions. As before announced, the dates will be June 19, 22, 24, and 26, the first day being allotted to the grand full rehearsal, the "Messiah" and "Israel" being fixed respectively for the 22nd and 26th, and the selection day (which will comprise some interesting novelties) for the 24th. Town offices will be opened in a few days at 48, Pall-mall.



## Rousseau and Music.

**W**HEN a man has furnished the race with some of its subtlest and frankest studies in the development of personal character, has addressed to it his thoughts on life and morals as actors soliloquise upon the stage, has entertained it with fiction, has instructed it in the philosophy of education and politics, and finally has aided in the revolution of empires, it is hardly to be expected that the fact of his having been also a musician will retain any very prominent place in the world's memory of him. It is not surprising, therefore, that even those to whom the name of Jean Jacques Rousseau is one of the most familiar should have a very indistinct notion of the extent to which the musical element entered into his life. To the majority he is known as perhaps the most striking and influential personality of the latter part of the eighteenth century—a confirmed reverist and the earliest exponent of modern sentimentalism, the advocate of higher educational aims and methods, an acute psychological analyst, and the social dreamer out of whose dreams sprang in some measure the French Revolution and the American Declaration of Independence. It cannot, of course, be denied that these things comprise the most important results of his life and work, but it is at least worth recalling that, amidst all the changes and inconsistencies in the circumstances and occupations of the man, there was one constant, and that this was music. If he can be said to have had any definite profession at all, it was that of a musician. At various times in his life he starved upon the pittance of the few *sous* a sheet which he could obtain by copying music—a means of livelihood which fills in the background of his life as an unfailling refuge when other resources were exhausted. Occasionally he essayed composition, and, so far as contemporary approbation was concerned, with considerable success, despite the insinuations of his enemies that Rousseau the composer was, after all, neither more nor less than Rousseau the copyist.

It was, however, as a musical theorist and critic that he won his strongest claim to remembrance in the history of the art. His ingenuity and literary faculty gave to his work in this regard a certain originality and distinction which compensated for any lack of technical grip and accuracy. If he had not received the steady professional drill of so efficient a veteran in musical theory as his rival Rameau, he brought to bear upon his work a wider power and a higher aspiration. Indeed, it is a matter for surprise that his musical knowledge should not betray more serious defects than it does, when account is taken of the exceedingly haphazard fashion in which his whole culture was acquired. Not only did he receive no systematic guidance, but he displayed throughout his life a strange incapacity to take in information by any of the ordinary channels, and even such intermittent assistance as he received was thrown away upon him. "The little that he knows he has learned alone," was once said of him, and the phrase applied no less to his musical than to his other studies. At the same time, though it is usual to speak of his musical studies as desultory, it must be remembered that they were characterized by far greater persistence than was usual in him, and that they were commenced somewhat earlier in life than many critics have seemed to imply. Musset-Pathay scarcely exaggerates the case when he says that Rousseau gave himself up almost exclusively to music during the first thirty-eight years of his life, and turned to it whenever opportunity offered in the course of the remainder. His

liking for music—attributed by him to his aunt's singing in his childhood—became a passion during an early stay at Turin. At the seminary, to which he was sent by the advice of the discriminating M. D'Aubonne (who wished to make a village priest of him, because of "the incredible slowness with which his ideas arranged themselves in his brain"), he was chiefly occupied with music, the principal result of his studies there being the acquisition of an air from a cantata by Clérambault. For a short time he studied under M. Le Maître, professor of music in the Cathedral of Anneci. In a comical fit of self-confidence we then find him, as a lad of nineteen, posing at Lausanne in the character of a past master in the art. By his own somewhat extravagant account, he set up there as a teacher of singing without knowing how to decipher an air. Not content with this, he boasted publicly of his skill in composition, and undertook to compose a piece for a concert. His ambition was apparently gratified: he conducted the performance himself with unexampled impudence, and received the due reward of his sins in the fact that he put an end once for all to the hope of obtaining pupils. Afterwards at Soleure he composed a cantata in the room formerly occupied by Jean Baptiste Rousseau, and under the inspiration of the latter's poems. Rameau's "Treatise on Harmony" gave a new impulse to his studies, and for some little time he threw up all other occupations in the absorption of organising concerts in the house of "Maman" de Warrens, and giving lessons in music. Some works brought to him from Italy in the winter of 1737 still further widened his knowledge of musical history and theory, and before long he became convinced that his first mission in life should have as its object the reform of the system of musical notation.

To this end he journeyed to Paris, and on August 22nd, 1742, laid his scheme before the members of the Academy of the Sciences. An unmusical committee, which was appointed to consider and report upon it, rejected his proposals, and, it must be admitted, with much correctness of judgment. Nothing daunted by this rebuff, Rousseau appealed from the Academy to the nation by publishing his scheme in the following year under the title of "A Dissertation on Modern Music." This was the first published work of the revolutionary "citizen of Geneva." Whatever the demerits of his scheme, he was certainly accurate in his condemnation of the unnecessary difficulties of the current system and in his insistence upon the necessity of simplification, and he sums up very neatly the obstacles to reformation in the sentence: "The public, without troubling to discuss the advantage of the proposed changes, holds to the signs which it finds established, preferring always a bad manner of knowing to a better one of learning." His system of notation, however, was marred by many weaknesses.

The seven notes of the scale—*ut, re, mi, etc.*—were to be represented in their order by the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, written horizontally, with a line drawn through them to indicate the normal septet; the seven subsequent notes being represented by the same figures placed horizontally above the line, and the notes of the inferior (bass) septet by placing the figures below the line. Thus three octaves could be represented with a single staff-line, in somewhat the same way that the notes E, F, and G were formerly represented by *neumæ* below, upon, and above a red line. As an alternative to this linear scheme, and with a view to avoid the displacement of figures about the line of the normal septet, he proposed to adopt for simple melodies a system of dots. Thus the normal septet of notes—*ut, re, mi, etc.*—were represented by ordinary figures; the *ut* of the higher septet by the figure 1 with a dot over it, the *re* of the higher septet by the figure 2 with a dot over it, and so on; while a dot placed below a

figure signified a descent once more to the previous septet. A figured melody might thus be written straight on and with the greatest rapidity without the shifting of figures about a staff-line involved in the other case. Sharps and flats were indicated by slant lines drawn through the figures from left to right and from right to left; the bars were marked off by vertical lines, as in ordinary music; and the duration of notes where they were of unequal value was indicated by spacing and ties. It will be seen that one of the most noteworthy features of the system is its relation to that of the Tonic Sol Fa. One pitch of the piece was to be indicated by prefixing to it the tonic of the scale to which it belonged; and this being always represented by the figure 1, the relation of the other notes to the keynote was at once perceived in whatever scale the piece might be written, rendering it an easy matter to grasp the melody. This was perhaps the chief merit of the scheme as a simplification; in most other respects it tended to confusion and was marked by serious defects. Thus the aid derived by readers from visible intervals corresponding to the musical intervals between notes was wholly withdrawn; time and accent were badly indicated in it; and for the complexities of orchestral or even of pianoforte music it was practically useless. For these and other reasons his suggested reform of the notation proved a failure; but his accounts of the system may still be read with interest, if not with profit, and there is some appropriateness in their notice in a magazine which aims at remedying the defects which he so strongly condemned.

Three years later he again tried his fortune as a composer in his musical diversion, the "Muses Galantes." Rameau, who was present at the performance, declared that, half the work was that of a master and the other half that of an ignoramus, adding that, inasmuch as Rousseau fell under the latter category, he must have stolen the better half of the piece. The criticism was probably just, though the charge was as groundless as that subsequently brought against him of having stolen the pastoral opera, "Le Devin du Village," which he composed in 1750. The "Devin" proved a success, and has even been credited with some share in bringing about the revolution in the history of French music which reached its climax in Gluck; though the statement is somewhat calculated to mislead. He was at this time beginning to be known as a man of more than musical eminence; but the discussions which were excited by the visit of an Italian company to Paris in 1752 brought him once more into the lists as a destructive critic, and he became one of the most notorious figures in the strife. It is significant both of the Parisian temperament and of the heat of the contest that for a time the important struggle between the clerical party and the Parliament was entirely forgotten in the eagerness to decide the vexed question as to the relative merits of French and Italian music. Rousseau, who had early in life been prepossessed with the beauties of the Italian music, took up his pen to champion the new comers, and published in 1753 his "Lettre sur la Musique Française."

After suggesting that before speaking of the excellence of French music it would be well to ascertain if such a thing existed, he entered into the question of the influence of language upon music. National music, he argued, derived its character from melody, melody derived its character from language, and a language might or might not be of a nature to confer the highest qualities upon melody. Thus, a language composed of mixed sounds, mute, indistinct, and nasal syllables, with few sonorous vowels, with many consonants and articulations, and inexact and uncertain in its prosody, would inevitably be attended with an inferior national music.

On these lines he sought to show that, as the



Italian language had the finest tonic qualities, so the Italian music would be the most melodious, while French music could possess neither time nor melody—in short, that the French have no music at all and never can have, or if they ever should have any, it will be so much the worse for them. The reasoning is, of course, open to criticism on many points: thus, whatever rudimentary connection there may be between language and melody, it cannot be forgotten that music tends to widen the differences between them and to take an increasingly independent existence. But the letter was not the less characterised by acuteness and insight, and its effect was prodigious. Rousseau's effigy was burned by the musicians and vocalists of the opera, and it is even said that he went in daily fear of exile or assassination. He took his revenge in an imaginary letter from a symphonist to his comrades of the orchestra—a production displaying more humour than Rousseau is generally credited with possessing. It represents the technique of the ordinary Parisian performer to have been of an exceedingly limited range, and the orchestra as being largely composed of musicians who showed extraordinary diligence in counting bars when they should have been playing, and who made excuses to leave their desks whenever they came to a difficult passage.

The full list of Rousseau's musical writings and works furnishes ample material for extended criticism. In his essay on the Origin of Languages he developed his theory of musical imitation. The articles on music in the Encyclopedia were written largely by him, though composed carelessly and in haste, and in 1767 he published at Amsterdam the best Dictionary of Music which had up to that date appeared. Faulty as the latter is, both in point of commission and omission, it filled satisfactorily a want of the time, and has not lost its interest. The art of definition has, it is to be hoped, improved since Rousseau defined an "act" as "a part of an opera separated from another part by a space called an *entr'acte*," but his genius left its impress here as elsewhere.

Scattered throughout his miscellaneous works fragments of musical criticism are to be found, and if these are studied in connection with the contemporary and subsequent history of French music, it will probably be admitted that his influence upon Parisian thought was scarcely less in this than in more important matters. He left in addition to his operatic fragments some ninety-five romances and melodies, which he termed "The Consolations of the Miseries of my Life." It cannot be said that they have done much to console those of other people, for Rousseau's practice was by no means equal to his theory in this or any other respect. But the fact of their composition, taking in connection with his other labours, goes far to prove that Rousseau was one of the most musical of literary men as he was undoubtedly the most literary of musicians.

## The Opera in Paris.

THE newly appointed directors, MM. Gailhard and Ritt, are now getting the affairs of the Opera House in good working order. They have been indefatigable in their exertions, and considering the short time they have held the reins of management have accomplished much that is worthy of commendation. It is fervently to be hoped that their united efforts will result in placing the National Academy of Music on a firm and prosperous basis. Ten years ago this gigantic institution attracted the attention of the entire musical world, the inaugural opening on the 5th of January, 1875,

being honoured by the presence of representatives from all the principal European cities. The cost of the building was nearly 50,000,000 francs, or £2,000,000 sterling. The interior, as many of your readers know, is enriched with busts, statues, and groups of exquisite execution.

The auditorium is built entirely of stone and iron, affording accommodation for 2,200 spectators. The state box is very commodious and elegant, occupying the height of the two first tiers of boxes, and is furnished in the most luxurious style. The majestic appearance of the exterior, as seen from the Avenue de l'Opera, or the Boulevard des Capucines, cannot fail to rivet the attention of strangers. The managers of this colossal establishment pay no rent, and receive the additional advantage of a state subsidy of 800,000 francs, or £32,000 per annum.

The latest representations at the Opera have included "Tabarin," "Les Huguenots," "Aida," and "Faust." The expectations raised in connection with the opera of "Tabarin," so long in preparation, have been fully realised. The scenery is excellent, the Place Dauphine, with the famous statue of Henri Quatre, which is still to this day to be seen on the bridge, being a most picturesque view.

The popularity of "Les Huguenots" is evident from the fact that it always attracts good audiences, and the recent representations have fully maintained the prestige the opera house has justly gained. The singing of MM. Salamon, Boudouresque, Gaspard, Caron, and Flajollet, with Mlles. Isaac, Dufrane, Thuringer, and Dumenil was very effective, and deservedly appreciated.

The first *bal masque* of the season took place at the Opera House on Saturday last. The orchestral arrangements were well carried out, some of the best compositions of the most popular authors being performed in excellent style. The two orchestras, which were directed by MM. Arban and Metra, well maintained their high repute, and among the pieces forming the programme were the dances from "La Suite Algérienne," by Camille Saint-Saëns; selections from "La Farandole," the "Carnaval de Venise," "Rip," "Tabarin," "The Grand Mogul," "Yedda," &c. The festive proceedings were continued until an early hour on Sunday morning, when the company separated. The first *bal masque* has been a financial success.

At the Opéra Comique "Le Barbier de Seville" has received an excellent interpretation at the hands of MM. Bertin, Fugère, Bouvet, Belhomme, Mlle. Cecile Mezeray and Mlle. Pierron. On Saturday last "Romeo et Juliette" was given for the last time, it was supposed, in consequence of Mlle. Heilbronn, a charming cantatrice, being called upon to fulfil an engagement at St. Petersburg. The house was crowded, the receipts amounting to nearly ten thousand francs. However, Mlle. Heilbronn decided to break the engagement, paying the stipulated sum for breach of contract, fearing that her health would not stand the rigours of a Russian winter. M. Carvalho congratulated Mlle. Heilbronn on her resolve, and at once arranged for some further representations of "Romeo et Juliette" at the Opera Comique. The operas performed during the past week have been as follows:—Sunday, "Carmen;" Monday and Friday, "Le Barbier de Seville;" Tuesday, "Carmen;" Wednesday, "Mignon;" Thursday and Saturday, the nineteenth and twentieth representations of "Romeo et Juliette."

"Le Grand Mogol" still reigns supreme at the Gaité; "La Mascotte," with its pretty music, can be heard at the Bouffes-Parisiens; and the curious opera-bouffe, "Le Château de Tire-Larigot," at the Nouveautés is in the full tide of its popularity.

T. W. H.

Paris, Jan. 24, 1885.

## The New Opera.

"TABARIN."



NEW opera by M. Emile Pessard was produced at the Académie de Musique, Paris, on the 12th ult. under the title of "Tabarin." The word is a household word in France, for it is the name of a famous comedian and author, whose first work was published in 1622, and who therefore may almost be said to have been a contemporary of Shakespeare. But his walk in life was of a humbler kind. Tabarin acted in the open air on a stage consisting of planks that rested on four empty casks, fixed up, as the Americans say, on the Place Dauphine, at the end of the Pont Neuf. It was the very infancy of dramatic art. The plots of the farces—mostly taken from the Italian—were familiar to the audience, but the dialogue was filled in according to the fancy of the actors with new jokes, wherein they hit off the topics of the day and shot folly as it flew. Tabarin seems to have excelled in these impromptu sallies. He became the idol of the populace; high born ladies and gallants left their carriages to laugh at his wit, and the poor player was eventually enabled to retire to his estate in the Isle de France, where he lived the life of a country gentleman, until a stray shot—it has never been known whether fired in malice or in sport—put an end to his *lazzi*.

The public are always interested in observing the contrast between the feigned emotion of the actor on the stage and the real feelings in private life. Tabarin is represented as being very jealous of his wife, not without cause. "Qui aime bien chatie bien" was his favourite motto, and when in his cups he beats her, she revenging herself after her own manner. When the curtain rises the strolling company are deploring the loss of one of their members, who has just been hanged for purloining something belonging to a neighbour. Francisquine, Tabarin's wife, sees in this misfortune a means of associating with Gauthier, a lawyer's clerk, who pursues her with his attentions, and recommends him as the substitute for the thieving *matamore*, whose premature death threatened to put an end to the performance of the troupe in the "Farce des Tonneaux," the first piece played by the renewed troupe. Tabarin hides in a cask while the *matamore* makes love to his wife and pretends to carry her off; but the love made by the young clerk is real, and he carries off the dame *pour tout de bon*. Their flight is seen by the comic servant of the farce, and when he tells his master, Tabarin leaps from the barrel and indulges in real grief, which the amused spectators persist in taking to be assumed. The officers of justice, who have been on the look-out for the absconding apprentice, track the pair and bring back the woman, whom the people, indignant at their favourite Tabarin having been betrayed, are about to tear to pieces when Tabarin's ready wit saves her. He pretends that the whole thing has been prearranged, and that his despair was only part of the play.

The most salient features of the first act consist of a love duet for Francisquine and Gauthier (comprising a charming cantabile phrase for the tenor), a lively terzetto for soprano, second tenor, and bass, and a sort of drinking song for Tabarin. A quartette and tenor love song are also worthy of notice, while the phrase for the chorus in the finale is full of beauty.

The Chœur des Bouquetières, "Qui veut des Roses," is particularly graceful, and the themes of the dance music are quaint and original, while in the finale the repentance of the erring wife is expressed in accents of melodic passion of a loftier character than anything to be found in the earlier portions of the work.



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— Mr. Lennox Browne, F.R.C.S., has read a paper in the rooms of the Medical Society of London on "The Influence of Alcohol and Tobacco in Relation to Voice Use." The lecturer, who numbers many leading artists among his patients, recently addressed to a large number of professional vocalists a circular letter containing questions as to their personal habits in regard to alcohol

— Apropos of the "Huguenots," a good story is told. Rossini and Meyerbeer were together at the Grand Opera during a performance of "Robert le Diable." During the third act the author of "William Tell" turned to Meyerbeer and said, "If you ever compose anything finer than that I'll dance on my head." "Well," replied Meyerbeer, gravely, "I think you had better begin practising, for I have just finished the fourth act of the 'Huguenots.'" He alluded to the "benediction of poignards," because the immortal duel between Raoul and Valentine was an afterthought, suggested to Meyerbeer by the great tenor Nourrit. Meyerbeer always retained his worship for Rossini, and he was sincere in his admiration. When writing to him he invariably began his letter, "Caro Giove" ("Dear Jupiter"). Rossini, when jesting, called Meyerbeer's music "*la g-r-r-r-rande, musique.*" The last time they met was early in 1864, when Rossini, Meyerbeer, Carafa, and Aubert breakfasted together at Passy.

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"MAESTRO," asked a nonentity of Rossini, "do you remember that famous dinner given to you at Milan when they served a gigantic macaroni pie? Well, I was seated next to you." "Indeed," replied Rossini; "I remember the macaroni perfectly, but I don't remember you."



## News Items.

— A Turkish comic opera, called "Chengü," by His Excellency Ahmed Midhat Effendi, was lately produced with great success at the New Theatre at Constantinople. The *prima donna* was an Armenian lady. It is the first attempt to introduce Turkish harmonies in a theatrical piece.

— A musical critic has just been sentenced by the Correctional Court of Leipsic to a fine of thirty marks and five days' imprisonment for a criticism in which he applied the term of "violin scraper" to the leader of the orchestra at the Stettin Academy of Music.

— The composer, August Bungert, of Kreuznach, lately had his recently-finished tetralogy, entitled the "Homeric World," performed before a circle of private friends. The two first evenings are entitled "Helen and Achilles" and "Orestes and Clytemnestra." The two last, "Nausicaa" and the "Return of Odysseus."

— Ambroise Thomas has fully recovered his health and strength, and has resumed his usual occupations.

— Original music to "As You Like It," by Mr. Alfred Cellier, was one of the features of the recent production at the St. James's.

— I hear with regret, though not with surprise, says a correspondent, that it is nearly certain there will be no Italian Opera season worth the name in London this year. The efforts of Mr. Gye to enrol a competent company at a reasonable cost have been unavailing, and to attempt the presentation of opera with artists unknown to the public would be a hopeless task. The extravagant sums demanded by the leaders of the lyric stage of late years have made high Italian Opera in this country a commercial impossibility. The American Opera continues to pay the price demanded by "stars," but even there the managers find it most difficult to recoup their outlay. When things get to the worst they mend. A year or two of interval will convince the monopolists that they have nearly killed the bird with the golden eggs. In the meantime, the public may console itself with chamber music, which at no time has been so well performed in England.

— Mme. Louise Pyk, Swedish *prima donna* from the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, made her *début* at the concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, on Saturday, the 10th. Outside of her native country Mme. Pyk has sung repeatedly at the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipsic, and also with marked success at the concerts given by Hans Richter and Charles Hallé in England.

— The season of the Mapleson Opera Company, in Boston, has not been a profitable one. Not even on the Patti nights have the houses been large. The Gounod opera, "Mirella," has proved one of the most popularly attractive bills of the season. So much for a novelty.

— The King of Bavaria has conferred the Maximilian Order for Art and Science on Franz Liszt. During his recent visit to Hungary, Franz Liszt completed his new oratorio, "St. Ladislaus," and has now resumed work on his Memoirs. The great artist is spending the winter in his villa near Rome.

— The well-known pianist, M. de Pachmann, has been touring in his native Russia. At Helsingfors, in Finland, he, according to a letter received from St. Petersburg, "played at the Philharmonic, and gave two recitals. After the last concert the 'Gesangverein' gave a serenade before the hotel, and afterwards they carried the pianist in an arm-chair to a big room, where a banquet was given in his honour. In the morning the whole 'Gesangverein' and a hundred gentlemen and ladies came to the station, and a few minutes before the train started a 'farewell' was sung, and shouts of 'hip, hip, hurrah,' followed the train. At the Philharmonic, St. Petersburg, where Mme. Lucca and Mierzwinski appeared, M. de Pachmann played the concerto in F minor, of Chopin, and was rewarded with a wreath of laurels."

— The Hungarian fiddler, Remenyi, who is concertising with Miss Hattie B. Downing in Australian cities, is making a successful tour. They are not "up" in music in Australia, and after Remenyi gets through with them they will be worse off, musically, than they now are.

— Frederic Grützmacher, the well-known cellist, of Dresden, is making a concert tour. He recently played in Moscow, and appeared in Switzerland last month.

— Mr. Mapleson says he intends to become a citizen of the United States.

— The *Times* says: "We are able to state that the Queen has sanctioned the adoption of the *diapason* normal for her private band, and that this will in future be used at the State concerts. It may be hoped that so illustrious an example will be universally followed, and that the uniformity of musical pitch frequently and urgently advocated by us will soon be an accomplished fact in England."

## Berlin.

JAN 7.

ON the 4th inst. in the Concert Hall of the Royal Opera House was assembled an exceptionally brilliant and enthusiastic audience to witness the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mme. Desirée Artot's first appearance in Berlin, which she made in 1860 at the Victoria Theatre as Rosina in the "Barber of Seville," where she created the greatest furore by her wonderful phrasing, masterly technique, energetic and melodious voice. Berlin feels proud that Mme. Artot, after having the whole musical world bowing before her, selects the German capital as her home, where she devotes herself to her pupils, and occasionally is heard in the concert hall.

Madame Artot's excellent method of instruction was apparent from the artistic performance of some of her most advanced pupils, who appeared at her concert. Frä. Sigrid Arnoldson, who is decidedly the most talented, sang charmingly.

Madame Artot sang "Verdi Prati" by Handel, "Habanera" from "Carmen," "Duo Espagnol," by Tradier, and a trio from "Matrimonio Segreto," Cimarosa. Everything she sang was artistically given, and she was enthusiastically called and recalled, and presented with a beautiful silver crown, of exquisite workmanship, with the name of each pupil engraved upon the leaves.

The Emperor, the Crown Princess Victoria, and her three daughters, with other members of the Royal Household, were present, and joined heartily in the well-deserved encores. Mme. Artot had the assistance of Frauleins Beeth, Ghilany, and Leisinger, Herren Niemann, Ernst Fricke, Krolup, Lieban, and Oberhauser from the Royal Opera House.

That the concert was a great success is saying very little. There was not a vacant seat and scarcely standing room in the house.

## Bohemian Musical Society.

VERY pleasant evening was recently spent by the members of the Bohemian Musical Society at the Norwood Assembly Rooms. Mr. James Judd, C.C., the chairman, is one of those scarce gentlemen who has it in his power to put a meeting into the pleasantest of humours without appearing to do so, and on this occasion he exercised this faculty with the happiest result. The artists were Mr. Lester, Mr. J. Dalgety Henderson, Mr. Herbert Reeves, Mr. F. H. Cozens, Mr. Ernest Reeves, and Mr. Alfred Moore. The proceedings opened with the appropriate glee, "The winds whistle cold;" after which Mr. Henderson, who was in splendid voice, gave Balfe's "Good night, beloved," for which he was recalled. Mr. Alfred Moore, having been encored for a capital rendering of "The Skippers of St. Ives," responded by giving a humorous parody of "The Village Blacksmith," in which the subject was "the Grand Old Man." Mr. Herbert Reeves, who has certainly acquired a very fine style, sang "Daddy," with a sympathetic ring which made it peculiarly telling. He followed with "Come into the garden, Maud." The first part of the programme concluded with a humorous song, "Lay of the Very Last Minstrel," humorously sung by Mr. F. H. Cozens.

In the interval, the chairman stated that they owed these pleasant gatherings to the enterprise of two gentlemen who had taken a prominent part in the proceedings—Mr. Moore and Mr. Henderson. It was to gentlemen like these that people were indebted for a great deal that made life pleasant. It was absolutely essential, however, that the society should be increased in numbers, and he trusted that each would use his influence to bring about that end.

## Foreign Jottings.

— Wieniawski's celebrated violin, a Pietro Guarneri, has been bought by Jeno Hubay, who is Wieniawski's successor at the Brussels Conservatory.

— The Milan Opera Company lost 6,000 dols. in Baltimore, and did not pay the members of the orchestra until an attachment of the baggage was threatened at the depot, just as the manager was about boarding the train. The company had not had a financial success. Walton, the "Plunger," as he is called, is constantly with the company, taking care of the money he has invested.

— Von Suppé has just finished a score called "The Sailors" for Vienna, where it is shortly to be produced.

— Kücken, the favourite song-writer, and one of the most distinguished of amateur composers, who died April 3, 1882, is about to be honoured by the erection of a bust, the execution of which has been entrusted to the sculptor Brunow, of Berlin.

— A granddaughter of Karl Maria von Weber, the composer of the "Freischütz," has just been engaged to the greatest living German dramatic poet, Ernst von Wildenbruch, the holder of the Schiller prize. The father of the young lady is Mar Maria von Weber, who wrote the celebrated biography of his father.

— The President of the French Republic has pensioned the widow of the late director of the Paris Grand Opera, M. Vaucorbeil. She receives yearly 1,500 francs, and besides this the Secretary of Finances has offered her a *bureau de tabac*.

— The oldest musician living is Kapellmeister Hill, of Elster, Germany, who, on the 1st ult., celebrated the one-hundred-and-first anniversary of his birthday.

— A symphony in D minor by Edmund von Mihalowich, lately published in score by Breitkopf and Härtel, is said to be a work of power and interest. It is to the Russians that we have to look for new composers of importance, as the recent successes of works by Tschaiskowsky, Borodin, Mihalowich and others have demonstrated.

— Three interesting jubilee performances are impending at the Berlin Opera—viz., the 500th production at that institution of Weber's "Freischütz," the 200th of Meyerbeer's "Prophet," and the 100th of Spohr's "Jessonda." According to arrangements now in progress, the 500th performance of the most popular German opera, more especially, will assume a festive character, with all the best artists of the establishment contributing to its worthy rendering.

— Verdi has gone to Genoa for the winter. He owns the Palazzo Doria. Presumably he will finish his "Otello" in that city. He has written no opera since "Aida" (1871). "Don Carlo" is only "Don Carlos" (1867) re-arranged, and "Simone Boccanegra" is also a re-written work.

— After leaving Paris, Mlle. Van Zandt made a highly successful *début* in St. Petersburg in "Lakmé." The audience was a brilliant one. The Czar, Czarina, and several other members of the royal family, and the majority of the foreign embassies stationed there, were present.

— Maurice Strakosch has secured the tenor, Engel, for the Teatro Apollo, Rome, next season.

— Weber's opera, "Sylvana," was performed at the Stadt Theatre, Hamburg, on New Year's Day.

— Gounod is said to be engaged on two new works; an operetta, "Teneo Lupum Auribus," and a ballet, "Tityre, Tuptulue."

— Charlotte Froom, who lately carried off a first prize at the Vienna Conservatory, is engaged at the Stadt Theatre, Mayence.

— The performances of Arrieta's opera, "San Franco de Sena," have been resumed at the Teatro Apollo, Madrid, with renewed success.

— Traugott Kramer, pensioned Capellmeister and musical adviser of the reigning duke, died recently at Coburg in his sixty-sixth year.

— Marschner's "Hans Heiling," after a long absence from the repertory, has been revived at the Opera House, Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

— Bianca Bianchi is fulfilling a successful engagement at the Grand-Ducal Theatre, Karlsruhe, where she first appeared on the lyric stage.



## Massenet's Opera, "Manon."

### FIRST PERFORMANCE IN ENGLAND.

It is not often that opera of European reputation, by a composer in the zenith of his popularity, first sees English light in any other city than London, but we poor provincials, in these bleak northern latitudes, have been for once, as Shakespeare says, "preferred to this high honour." Last Saturday evening, January 17, may become memorable in operatic annals as the day upon which, at Liverpool, Massenet's opera, "Manon," was first submitted to an English audience. It may not, perhaps, be generally known that Mr. Carl Rosa is the proprietor of one of the principal theatres in this city. He recently acquired it, and has, so to speak, made it the home or headquarters of his operatic enterprise. We are now enjoying a month's season of opera, during which we have heard, or shall hear, "The Beggar Student," "Mefistofele," "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Esmeralda," "Carmen," etc., besides the ordinary repertoire of old established favourites, such as "Marta," "Bohemian Girl," "Lily of Killarney," etc. To readers of this journal the mere mention of these names is sufficient, as all have been heard in London and the chief provincial cities. Not so, however, in the case of "Manon," as to which I must trouble you with some details, the interest and importance of the occasion fully justifying this course of procedure. As showing the keen interest felt in these matters by our American cousins, it may be remarked that one of the enterprising New York dailies had a notice of this event cabled out at a cost of probably two hundred pounds, so that the same day that London and Liverpool heard of the success of "Manon," newspaper enterprise furnished its patrons in America with the same information. It is fitting that mention should be here made of the broad and liberal view taken by Mr. Carl Rosa of his commission and responsibilities towards the English public in the matter of opera. Handsome and emphatic acknowledgment is due to him for the fearless and enterprising manner in which he purchases and even commissions new works. He is cosmopolitan in the best sense of the word. He ranges over the whole of the operatic world, and whatever approves itself to him as good and notable he forthwith obtains an English version, mounts, stages, and dresses it with proverbial almost extravagant liberality, and places it before his patrons with a completeness which would not discredit Covent Garden itself. Nor is he deterred from continuing to pursue this enterprising but expensive policy by the fact that the public response to his active catering is not always peculiarly satisfactory. Though it is gratifying to know that financial success has waited upon the venture in the aggregate, yet, if it were not invidious, mention could be made of many operas by living composers out of which Mr. Rosa has not been recouped the money he has put into them. Such, however, I trust, and, indeed, venture to prophesy, will not be the case with the opera under notice, which began its English career on Saturday last under auspices of as bright and glowing a character as ever shone upon the launch of any similar venture. A house crowded from floor to ceiling, and notable in its character no less than in its extent and size, assembled to hear and appraise the work of Massenet, whose estimation, in the minds of his countrymen and brother artists, is settled by the pregnant fact that he is one of the forty "immortals" composing the French Academy. Although, curiously enough, his works are little known in England, yet he is a musician of great natural powers, who graduated at the French Conservatoire, has written industriously and successfully in various styles, and his compositions are characterised by great dramatic power, an excellent vein of melody, considerable and fluent orchestral resource, and a power of fitting music of great appropriateness and beauty to subjects and situations with which he may be called upon to deal. His style is essentially representative of the modern French school, but he has been an unprejudiced student of the whole range of music, and incorporates into his work, without the slightest suggestion of plagiarism, the spirit and essence of whatever he deems good in contemporaneous music. There is, for instance, a slight leaning towards the *leit*

*motiven* influence, commonly but erroneously attributed to Wagner, but although Wagner has immensely developed it, and made it a cardinal characteristic of his music, the invention is not due to him, but is traceable in the works of men who immediately preceded him, and, as a matter of fact, finds its root far back in antiquity. Now and again, throughout the opera, slight reminiscences of other composers suggest themselves, but all in a vague and shadowy way, such as effectually to repel and repudiate the insinuation that Massenet is at all open to the charge of being an imitator, and if traced to the bottom is due to a momentary or accidental similarity of situation rather than of music. It is necessary to try and describe in brief an outline of the plot and argument of "Manon," though the story is so thoroughly French in its complexity and the sequence of its incidents, as to defy in the space at disposal a thoroughly exhaustive account. From an English point of view, Manon is far from being a satisfactory or agreeable heroine—vanity, fickleness, love of intrigue, and heartless insincerity are the leading features of her character, though in the end she is made to revert to her first love with a kind of theatrical earnestness which in French eyes is held to condone any amount of previous vagaries. The hero, Des Grieux, a youthful scion of an ancient family, is on his way with the view of attaching himself to a religious order, when he encounters at Amiens Manon Lescaut, a maiden of humble descent and great beauty, who, under the care of a rough soldierly brother, is being taken to a convent. Conventional ideas, however, do not seem particularly agreeable to the inclinations of the heroine. An old beau of the period (early part of the eighteenth century), Guillot, is entertaining a party of actresses and a nobleman named Bretigny, but the superior charms of Manon inflame the gallantry of the host, who incontinently leaves his guests to their own devices in order to get up a flirtation with the last and prettiest woman he has seen. This little intrigue, however, is frustrated by Manon's brother, who in a telling bit of melody and a pretty situation reads his sister a homily upon the necessity of circumspection. The youthful ardour of Des Grieux has been aroused in favour of Manon, and during the temporary absence of her brother the youthful couple, with a celerity only possible in French drama, manage to arrange matters, and actually get away to Paris in the carriage of Guillot. Obstacles to their marriage are interposed by the French law of parental permission, and Des Grieux prepares a letter, interestingly treated by librettist and composer, designed to win the consent of his parents to his marriage with Manon. The whereabouts of the young couple being discovered, Lescaut enters and upbraids Des Grieux with his conduct, but the latter tries to satisfy the brother as to the honourableness of his intentions, producing the letter in evidence. Lescaut is apparently conciliated, but is really party to a plot whereby Manon is to be separated from Des Grieux. Manon is also made aware of it, and with a fickleness extraordinary to the English mind lends it her aid. Des Grieux is to be got rid of and Bretigny to take his place. Des Grieux hearing a noise outside his apartments, goes to see what it is about, and is made prisoner and carried off, Manon sheltering herself under the wing of Bretigny. The third act shows us a beautiful country scene, on which the scene painter and costumier have lavishly displayed their arts. Manon arrives in a redan chair, elegantly attired, and the other characters in the drama also turn up. Des Grieux, after his rough treatment, has reverted to his father's house apparently cured of his passion, and the father announces that his son has reverted to his original intention of embracing a religious life, and is for that purpose gone to the monastery of St. Sulpice. Again Manon's fickleness comes into play. She cannot bear the idea of losing empire over any of her victims, and so makes her way to St. Sulpice, encounters Des Grieux, and thereupon ensues a wonderfully powerful scene, which makes immense demands upon the dramatic and histrionic powers of the two principals. The surroundings and details are most interesting, although, in review, the extraordinary blending of sensuous and sacred influences is to English ideas somewhat scandalous. An emotional love duet is interwoven with sacred music, and whilst the office is being chanted in the rear, the foreground is occupied by Manon and Des Grieux, the former plying all her arts and the hero offering a resistance which one sees is destined to be futile. Manon succeeds, and they again fly to Paris. This time the scene is laid in a fashionable hell, of which place Manon, with splendid

but bold manner, plays the part of presiding genius. Des Grieux is lured on to play, loses all his money, and is forsaken by Manon. But Nemesis is now approaching. Manon is arrested owing to the machinations of one of the dissolute party to whose suit she declines to give ear. Des Grieux, who amidst all his weakness is blessed with a constancy which appears to survive two very rough awakenings, plots to secure the release of Manon; the plot does not succeed, but a timely bribe to a gaoler secures an interview between the lovers, which ends by Manon dying broken-hearted and worn out in the arms of Des Grieux. Such is a rough, and I fear not too luminous, account of the incidents from the book of Abbé Prevost, which have been worked up into a most effective and stirring drama by Messrs. Meilhac and Gille. Mr. Joseph Bennett has ably accomplished the English arrangement, and the principal parts were distributed as follows:—Manon, Madame Marie Roze; Des Grieux, Mr. Barton McGuckin; Des Grieux Père, Mr. W. H. Burgon; Lescaut, kinsman of Manon, Mr. Ludwig. Minor parts were ably and efficiently sustained by other members of the company. The chief burden of the representation rests upon Madame Roze and Messrs. McGuckin and Ludwig. Madame Marie Roze, in the title rôle, has a part of extreme complexity and variety, demanding a versatility and an equipment, both vocally and histrionically, which make the part dreadfully *exigent*, but, nevertheless, one in which a competent artiste glories. We see her first as an untutored peasant girl; then comes the first Paris episode, in which tenderness and love give way to an overmastering love of intrigue and variety. She then figures for a brief season as a great lady. After that the passionate abandon which lures away the religious novice from the monastery has to be portrayed. We then behold her playing a heartless part in the gambling saloon; finally she dies a prisoner. It would seem as if the whole gamut of coquetry, love, fickleness, passion, and heartlessness were exhausted in the building up of this part. But great as are the difficulties, the opportunities for the capable artiste are not less alluring, and Madame Roze was thoroughly equal to the requirements of every situation. Her great beauty, her artistic and dramatic instincts and experience, her French nationality and the thorough training she underwent in the French school of Lyric drama, all unite to fit her admirably for this impersonation. Musically as well as histrionically the great crucial scene is that of the monastery. Here she rises to superb heights. The situation is admirably managed from a dramatic point of view, the composer has provided it with music of great power and intensity, and if I say that it reminds me somewhat of the great duet in "The Huguenots," it is not to suggest that there has been any imitation musically, but to give your readers a concrete notion of the passion and interest of the scene. Mr. McGuckin in his impersonation has a difficult task, but discharges it in a way which makes a great and real stride in his art, and Mr. Ludwig as Lescaut has important work to do, and has so done it as to add to his gallery another impersonation remarkable for truth and dramatic ingenuity. His noble style of singing is familiar to you. A feature of the opera is the clever way in which Massenet has steered clear of the Scylla of vocal recitative in Italian opera, and the Charybdis of spoken dialogue in English opera. The connecting parts of the story are accompanied by the orchestra in a quiet, unostentatious but telling manner, which strengthens the musical element of the play, and will be a model, I venture to think, for the future. The opera achieved an instant and unequivocal success, the enthusiasm aroused being quite remarkable and phenomenal in its intensity. Mr. Goossens conducted admirably and had a special call, and the artistes and Mr. Rosa all had to come before the curtain in answer to calls.

THE following anecdote is told of Rossini: He attended the first performance of "Pierre de Médécis" by Prince Joseph Poniatowski, and sat patiently until the middle of the third act, when he arose to leave. Leaving the opera, a group of critics surrounded the illustrious composer. "What do you think of it? Is it not poor, and weak, and wanting in originality?" they asked. "Ma foi!" replied the maestro; "the prince's music cannot be judged of by hearing it once. It will be necessary to hear it several times; but I shall not hear it again." So he left.

PROFESSOR G. Masutto, Venice, has been awarded the Bronze Medal at the Turin International Exhibition for his two works, "I Maestri di Musica Italiana nel Secolo XIX.," and "Album Artistico."



# Letters from Our Correspondents.

## Paris.

JAN. 24.

**T**HE new year opened well, the usual festivities engrossing a large share of the attention of the citizens of the gay capital.

The concerts given by M. Colonne in the splendid Salle du Châtelet continue to be as attractive as ever. The Sunday musical matinées are highly popular, and deservedly so, from an artistic point of view, for none but highly meritorious works find their way into the programme. On the second Sunday of this month the "Deluge," by M. C. Saint-Saëns, was given for the first time, the splendid manner in which every part was performed resulting in a grand success for the talented author and his skilful interpreters. "La Sérénade," by Beethoven, one of the triumphs of M. Colonne's well-organised orchestra, brought an excellent programme to a brilliant termination. At the concert on the 18th inst. a first performance was given of "Roma," the posthumous work of M. G. Bizet, which met with unqualified approval. The success of M. Saint-Saëns' "Deluge," on its first production, led to its being repeated for the second and last time at these concerts, and the author, who personally conducted the orchestra, was heartily congratulated on the result of his efforts. The instrumentation throughout was excellent, praise being due to all concerned.

An aristocratic wedding took place on the 19th inst. at the Russian Church, in the Rue Daru, a short distance from the Arc de Triomphe, the Princess Olga Troubetskoy, daughter of Colonel Prince Troubetskoy, military attaché to the Ambassador of Russia, being married to Count Georges Brobrinsky, lieutenant of Hussars. The choral part was effectively rendered by the well-trained choir. There is no instrumental music at this church—purely vocal—and the choristers, some twenty-five in number, have attained a degree of perfection which shows careful, skilful training. It may be mentioned that Prince Troubetskoy is a very popular member of the Russian Embassy, and has gained a high reputation as a musician, not only amongst his numerous friends and admirers in Paris, but more especially at Vienna and St. Petersburg, where several of his works have been successfully produced and generally appreciated.

The news that the Duke of Edinburgh is about to publish in London a volume of poetry entitled "Songs of Love, by a Violinist," has created some curiosity in literary and artistic circles. The Duke has a large number of friends here, who look forward with interest to the appearance of this new volume. A well-known journalist has remarked, "We know that the son of Queen Victoria is a disciple of *Vieuxtemps*." Evidently they are now anxious to welcome his Royal Highness's advent into the realms of poetry.

The Italian School of Artists is in a slight state of consternation, as it is rumoured that the Italian Opera, one of the glories of the capital, is to be suppressed at St. Petersburg, in consequence of the dislike the Emperor has to that city. Hitherto St. Petersburg has been one of the favourite resorts of popular Italian artistes, and the idea that their services there will not in future be required has occasioned much astonishment. The reduction of the performances at the Théâtre Français is also deemed probable. It is to be hoped, however, that the inhabitants will not be deprived of these intellectual sources of amusement.

M. Alexandre Dumas' new work, "Denise," was produced at the Théâtre Français on the evening of the 19th inst., creating a perfect *furor* by its excellent representation throughout. The play is said to be one of the best this popular author has yet written, and many of the best critics declare it to be perfection from first to last. "Denise" is divided into four acts, each presenting the same scene—the hall of a splendid country mansion, with a large conservatory on the ground. The plot is not very intricate, for the story is unfolded in one day, commencing in the morning and finishing the same evening. The cast embraces artistes who names are known to fame, in-

cluding MM. Got, Coquelin, Worms, and Baillet; Mme. Reichemberg, with Mmes. Bartet, P. Granger, Fremiaux, Amel, and Pierson. The new piece is worthy of the author's renown, and is full of exciting scenes and situations, by means of which the interest is maintained throughout. Every character was well represented, and both author and artistes have scored another triumph. Some good music is interspersed here and there, with excellent effect.

"Theodora," by M. Sardou, has afforded Mme. Sarah Bernhardt another excellent opportunity of displaying her peculiar talents. She always acts well and dresses superbly. The imperial mantle worn by her as the Empress of Justinian is an exact facsimile of the original, copied from the famous mosaic portrait of the Empress at Ravenna. The cost of this mantle was 8,000 francs, or £320; the original, however, was more valuable, the sum of 3,000,000 francs, or £120,000, having been paid for it. The robe is truly regal, being made of blue satin, handsomely embellished with gold fringe, and adorned with trimmings of peacocks with splendid plumage. This dress, worn by Theodora on the occasion of a state visit to the hippodrome, has created a temporary sensation among the patrons of the drama. The representation has derived additional life by the performance of some pretty and original music by the well trained orchestra.

At the Concerts Lamoureux, at the Château d'Eau, the programme has been the same for the last two Sunday matinées, the great attraction being the first performance in public of the "Damnation de Faust," by Berlioz, with Mme. Brunet Lafleur, MM. Blauwaert, E. van Diek, and Luckx as interpreters. The two first named artistes in the rôles of Marguerite and Mephistopheles, sang their parts with exquisite taste, and gained great applause.

The execution, vocally and instrumentally, of every part of this superb work was most excellent, and the audience were roused to a degree of enthusiasm which showed how thoroughly their sympathies had been enlisted in the clever performance of this difficult work. The famous "Marche Hongroise" was played; this is a composition quite independent of the legend of "Faust," being founded on the Hungarian national air known under the name of the "Marche de Rakoczy." Its peculiar instrumental characteristics are worthy of the talent of the composer.

T. W. H.

## Liverpool.

JAN. 22.

THE intervention of Christmas holidays and festivities has proved in some sense an interruption to the regular operations of our chief musical societies during the interval since my last letter, but there are two or three events of interest upon which a word or two may not prove unacceptable. Our Philharmonic Society gave its Christmas concert on the 23rd ult., and, departing from the custom which frequently obtains of performing Handel's "Messiah" at this season, it gave instead that composer's "Jephtha," a change doubtless very welcome to the subscribers, because there are always in a large city at Christmas-time opportunities of hearing the more familiar and popular work, and as a matter of fact "Messiah" has been given by one or two of our local organisations. "Jephtha" is not alone interesting and worthy to be heard for its intrinsic merit. It is notable as being the last of the immortal series of oratorios from the inspired pen of Handel, which have done more to confer undying glory and lustre upon his name than the operas, concertos, and sonatas, whose name is legion, which that indefatigable genius wrote during his protracted and industrious life. At a time when most men seek the *otium cum dignitate*, and, if they have earned laurels, are disposed to rest upon them and enjoy a repose, the right to which is conferred by a life of hard and honourable work, we find the stout-hearted and irrepressible Handel again taking up his pen to add another to that list of works which have immortalised him for all time.

Whether or not he knew it, this work was destined to

be his "Swan Song." It is pathetically interesting to read of the interruptions his industry suffered by reason of the growing power of that fell malady—blindness. "Jephtha" was not "turned off" with the marvellous speed and red-hot glow which characterised the production of "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt." The infirmities incidental to age and the special infirmity of gathering blindness necessitated intervals of rest, during which we find "Mr. Handel went to Cheltenham Wells" and derived benefit. The improvement, however, was but fitful and temporary, and, despite painful and repeated operations bravely borne, it was at length announced that "Mr. Handel" had become completely blind. Amidst such depressing circumstances the wonder is, not that "Jephtha" was not dashed off with the fire of middle age, but that it was ever written at all. Doubtless the exquisite and unearthly pathos of "Deeper and deeper still" and "Waft her, Angels," is in some degree due to the sad outlook and solemn thoughts which must have been Handel's portion at this period of his life. The oratorio was performed excellently by all engaged, the solo artistes being Misses Mary Davies and Rees, and Messrs. Edward Lloyd and F. King. Mr. Lloyd was splendidly efficient throughout, and in the two excerpts quoted above created a deep impression by the fervid pathos and emotional power he imported into his singing. Miss Davies was very happy in her rendering of the soprano music, the pastoral style of most of it suiting her perfectly. Band and chorus united with the principals, and made an all-round success of the performance.

The Philharmonic Society's seventh concert of the present season—and first after the holidays—took place on the 6th inst., and the programme was marked by two or three important novelties, chief amongst which was Mr. F. H. Cowen's last symphony. Why this symphony should be called the "Welsh"—except upon the principle that every symphony should have a name—I have failed to discover. A slight similarity to Welsh peculiarities in some of its cadences is somewhat noticeable; but beyond this, and the employment of the Welsh national instrument, the harp, I fail to perceive grounds for the title. However, the name matters little so long as the thing signified is good, and in this case it is most excellent. The leading subjects are remarkable for grace, power, and beauty, and the orchestral knowledge shown in the general management and development of them is unquestionable and praiseworthy. Exception, perhaps, might be taken to the frequent recurrences of the second subject of first movement; but it is so melodious and pleasant that one ought not to complain. Evidences are not wanting in this symphony to show that Mr. Cowen's style is maturing. His progress in his art has been watched with friendly and admiring interest in Liverpool, and the last symphony is worthy to rank with the "Scandinavian," which, in its turn, showed such an advance upon its two predecessors. Mons. de Swert, a violoncellist of power and mark appeared in a so-called "concerto" of his own composition, but it has no pretensions to the dignity of a concerto. This abuse of musical terminology is to be deprecated. It is simply a fantasia in one movement, with orchestral accompaniments. The solo was well played, and the composer-performer evinced considerable executive power. Mrs. Hutchinson sang four songs from Tennyson's "In Memoriam," set to music by Miss Maude V. White, and accompanied by the composer. The settings are chaste and refined, and will add to the reputation of the composer, even if they do not become popular.

Mr. Charles Hallé resumed his admirable series of concerts on the 13th inst., after the Christmas break, and signalled the evening by the production for the first time in Liverpool of Dvorák's symphony. The obscurity of Dvorák's early life, the romantic, almost dramatic manner in which he has sprung almost at a bound into the very front rank of creative artists, and the beauty and originality of his music, combined to invest the occasion with much interest, and to whet the appetite and inflame the curiosity of local music lovers. The symphony, despite its immense difficulties and peculiarities, was played with great finish and intelligence,



and created a deeply-favourable impression upon those best fitted to appraise its quality. Its general and fundamental orthodoxy of form gratified those who love to find in new composers a reverent adherence to those principles of art by which the greatest creators in the past have been governed, and its daring and piquant originality of detail, and its bold modulations and key progressions delighted those who ask, "Who will show us a new thing?" This Journal has doubtless discussed the symphony from an analytical point of view, and your readers will be acquainted with its salient features. It must suffice to say that Liverpool emphatically endorses the favourable verdict already passed upon the work by the most competent judges. Signor Piatti played a cello concerto by Rubinstein, and other excerpts in his incomparable manner, and Miss Mary Davies agreeably diversified the evening with a charming selection of vocal music.

## Edinburgh.

JAN. 20.

At this season all musical activity in Edinburgh practically rests with the Choral Union, no lesser body caring to enter into a dangerous rivalry. Following up a performance of "Paradise and the Peri," which hardly preserved the ethereal quality of Schumann's music, though exhibiting many excellences on the choral side, the members have appeared in "St. Paul." This oratorio had manifestly received most conscientious rehearsal, and Mr. Collinson, the young and vigorous conductor, was frankly congratulated on the result. The voice material of the Union does not, however, improve as it should. The Choral Union has long enjoyed the distinction of being the first musical association here, and, as it stands sponsor to the orchestral scheme, is accustomed to produce works planned on the largest scale. Yet it is noticeable that the best voices gravitate towards some of the smaller associations. This is a pity; and if the cause be traceable, and susceptible of removal, the conductors should see to it. In "St. Paul" the soprano quality was not always firm in trying passages, and this shortcoming can only be remedied by improving the constituents of the chorus. It is largely a popular delusion that passages may be sung in *ensemble* which the individual singer cannot compass. The chorus was most at home in brief declamatory work, though acknowledgment must be made of the steadiness and purity of the tone in the chorales. Madame Clara Samuëll won golden opinions by her delivery of the soprano music, and it was pleasing to notice how taste and culture rendered her superior to limitations of voice power. There are many vocalists able to produce much fuller tones, but those who rival her in nicety of interpretation and perfect achievement of effect could be easily numbered. The tenor singing of Mr. Henry Guy had some captivating points, and others barely tolerable. His delivery of the recitatives might easily be improved, and a similar remark is true of Mr. Barrington Foote, whose rough competency should develop into a style of greater artistic finish. Sonorous tones are not everything nowadays, even to the popular ear. The orchestral programmes have been marked by great variety and enterprise. Mr. Cowen's "Welsh" symphony, with the composer in the rostrum, was a notable item. Brahms' No. 3 symphony, heard here for the first time, was a welcome illustration of power. The symphonic form is manifestly in prospering hands—Wagner notwithstanding. Much interest was attracted to two excerpts from the works of Dvorák, whose name the MAGAZINE has largely helped to make known in England. The nocturno for strings and the scherzo were an evidence of his originality and of power to please, which does not always accompany originality. The latest fruit of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's genius was represented by the two orchestral movements and the prelude to "Colomba," given here for the first time with full orchestra, and came with a convincing power to the listeners, among whom were to be numbered many of Mr. Mackenzie's former colleagues. Berlin music-culture has been well represented on our platform. Herr Hugo Heermann exhibited his refined, unostentatious violin method in Spohr's familiar concerto. Herr Rummel introduced Schumann's concerto, now well known here, and satisfied all demands in respect to warmth of expression and technique; and last night Herr Barth gave a splendid rendering of the "Emperor" concerto. As a slight offset to this Prussian invasion, mention should be made of the appearance of Mr. Lindsay G. Deas—a promising local pianist—in a concerto of Grieg. His playing

showed an excellent command of the keyboard, while the purpose of the composition was brought out with intelligence and sympathy. The extraordinary advance Berlioz's work has made in popular esteem appears from the regular inclusion of the "Fantastique" or the "Romeo and Juliet" music in the programmes. His rendering of love passion is certainly not easily matched in music, and the ear lingers over his sensuous tones. That extraordinary picture the "Queen Mab" scherzo—a supreme effort in its way—found an especially hospitable audience.

The devotees of chamber music here are profiting by the playing of the Cologne quartette. Unquestionably, Herr Heckmann and his colleagues form a highly-accomplished party, with a mutual understanding that is as good as intuitional. The question suggests itself, why should there not be a quartette party aiming at a similar standard of excellence as a permanent feature in the musical life of the city? What is required is that four of the first instrumentalists should combine, and, if needful, sink individuality. Of course, the desire to be first fiddle and nothing less has to be reckoned with; but for music's sake, not to speak of popularity and its material rewards, personal idiosyncrasies might be subordinated. It is worth adding before closing that Dr. Hallé's last programme contained a Schubert sonata, to the understanding of which the analyses given in the MAGAZINE could not fail to be helpful.

## Birmingham.

THE second half of December, 1884, saw little here in the way of music worthy of notice. So far the events of the season have been ordinary and uninteresting, and the look-out for the future is not more agreeable than the retrospect; for public attention is now directed to the depression in trade and the want of employment for the industrious rather than to things artistic.

According to a custom observed for many years, the members of the Festival Choral Society gave Handel's "Messiah" at the Town Hall on the 26th of December. The most recent of these annual gatherings present matter for reflection. The audiences, large in the low-priced, small in the higher-priced places, are altogether different from those brought together at most Birmingham concerts. Constant and observant attendants at the Town Hall fail to recognise half-a-dozen faces to be seen in the Hall on other occasions. Is it that for the lovers of other kinds of music the "Messiah" has ceased to have attractions; or, is it because the dwellers in large towns are "crowded out" of other places on Boxing Night, for, on that night, all the theatres and concert-halls were filled to overflowing? One thing is certain: it is not the better-to-do inhabitants that patronise the Christmas performances of the "sacred Oratorio," and it may be questioned whether the committee of the society would not do well to make the presentation a cheaper and therefore a more popular one.

There are not many towns in England that during the 1884 Christmas week saw more satisfactory provisions for a "Messiah" rendering, the principal vocalists being Miss Clara Samuëll, Mme. Mudie-Bolingbroke, Mr. Maas, and Mr. Brereton, while the band was about seventy strong, and the choruses were sung by more than three hundred voices. Unfortunately, Mr. Maas was so suffering from neuralgia that he could not finish his portion of duty, and the great air, "Thou shalt break them," had to be omitted. That the solo trumpet was also so much indisposed that he had to be excused from playing the *obbligato* in "The trumpet shall sound," is not to be much regretted if his grand essay would have been of like quality with what he did in some earlier numbers of the work. Miss Clara Samuëll's singing was splendid, and the choruses were rendered magnificently. The Birmingham Festival Choral Society is now in a better artistic condition than it has ever before been.

On the 27th of December the members of the Philharmonic Union gave a concert at the Town Hall, at which the first and second parts of Haydn's "Creation" and a few shorter pieces were performed. The principal vocalists were Mme. Georgina Burns (who previously had only been heard in Birmingham in opera), Mr. Fredericks and Mr. Harrison (vicars choral of Lichfield Cathedral). There was an excellent band and a powerful chorus, and the renderings throughout the evening were honourable to all concerned. Unhappily there was but a small audience, and it may be feared that the result will be an addition to the losses the society had

already sustained. For this season Birmingham will be without the entertainments of the Philharmonic Union, and the collapse of the society's Subscription Concerts may be regarded as the most serious misfortune which has befallen the cause of music in this district for some years.

Since the advent of the new year there has been no concert of importance. The cheap entertainments for the people on Saturday evenings have been resumed, and on the 6th inst. a concert, nominally in aid of the funds of the Jaffray Suburban Hospital, proved a commercial failure. The work of selecting the chorals for the coming festival has been going on for some days and it is probable that the rehearsals for the same will be commenced before the month is out.

## Exeter.

ALTHOUGH the month has not been such a busy one musically, as the previous one, there has still been a deal of activity. At Christmas the musical portion of the service in the churches was of much the usual character. At the Cathedral afternoon service on Christmas Day (when the building was uncomfortably full) the choir was augmented by the addition of members of the Western Counties Musical Association, the Oratorio Society, and other similar bodies. Before the service, the carol, commencing "Good Christian men rejoice," was sung. The service used was Stainer in B flat. The sermon was dispensed with, but as an anthem a selection from the "Messiah" was given in an excellent manner, the service being followed by the carol, "Glorious, beauteous, golden bright." The only other church which calls for special mention was St. Michael's, where in the morning there was a full choral celebration of the Holy Communion, a new ante-Communion service by the organist (Mr. W. H. Richmond) being used for the first time. It is a meritorious production. It is just out of the printer's hands, and is dedicated to the Very Rev. the Dean of Exeter (Dr. Cowie). "O Salutaris" was sung by Master Walenn, of London. At the evening service there was an orchestral accompaniment by members of the band of Royal Marines, with the following instruments:—Two first violins, two second violins, viola, violoncello, two cornets, bass trombone, and timpani, the organ supplying the wood-wind effect. The Processional Hymn was preceded by Sullivan's Andante Pastorale, "Bethlehem," from the "Light of the World," for orchestra and organ. Tallis's festal responses were used, and the proper Psalms were set to Monk and Ouseley. Dr. Stainer's *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis* in E, and the anthem, "Sing, O Heavens" (Tours), were given in an excellent manner, Mr. Richmond having prepared the score for the band. After the service several carols were sung by Mr. Farley Sinkins and Mr. A. J. Truscott—the former the well-known powerful basso of the Cathedral choir. Both vocalists were in fine voice, and their singing was much enjoyed. The concluding voluntary for orchestra and organ, was the "March of the Silver Trumpets" and "Harmony on the Dome" (Viviani). The organ recitals by Mr. D. J. Wood, Mus. Bac. (Cathedral organist), continue to be very popular. On Boxing Day Mr. G. W. Lyon, the talented organist at the Roman Catholic church, gave two organ recitals, assisted by his three daughters as vocalists and violinists. The recitals were a great success. At Mr. Wood's recital on December 20 the programme was made up of selections from W. H. Cummings' "Fairy Ring" and Hatton's "Robin Hood," the vocal portions being given by a chorus from the Exeter Branch of the Western Counties Musical Association.

A very creditable performance of the "Messiah" was given on the 13th inst. in St. George's Chapel, the choir being supplemented by local musicians. The vocalists were Mrs. Turner (soprano), Mrs. A. Kenshole (contralto), Mr. F. Meredith (tenor), and Mr. H. Long (bass)—all local.

The second annual Scotch Festival took place on Saturday, Jan. 17, and drew a large audience to the Victoria Hall. The artists were Miss Maud Cameron (soprano), Miss Rosa Leo (contralto), and Mr. Gilbert Campbell (bass). The pipers of the Gordon Highlanders were present, and the solo pianist and conductor was Mr. C. Fowler. The concert was a very enjoyable one. Miss Leo was encored in each of her three songs. All musical people are now looking forward to Mr. Farley Sinkins's next subscription concert on the 12th February (morning and evening). The artists engaged are Mlle



Marimon, Miss Henden-Warde, Miss Jennie Dickerson, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Barrington Foote, Signor Tito Mattei (solo pianoforte), Signor Papini (solo violin), Monsieur de Monck (solo violoncello), Mr. Howard Reynolds (solo cornet), and the famous Signor Bottesini (solo contra-bass)—an imposing array. All these artists appear at each concert.

## Belfast.

JAN. 18.

THE musical season, so far, has been in a high degree successful, thanks to the spirited enterprise of the Philharmonic Society, whose committee, notwithstanding the financial drawbacks of the preceding year, have, to speak naively, far from taking in sail, let out every stitch of canvas to catch the full breeze of public favour, and have not been disappointed. Apart from the importance of the works they had undertaken—"The Redemption," for instance, which in itself would be sufficient to "draw," without going to too great expense for vocalists—the committee have engaged such well-known and high-class artistes as Mmes. Trebelli, Patey, Valleria, Fonblanque; Messrs. Maas, Foli, Ghilberti, Hollins, etc., etc.; and the result of their enterprise has shown its wisdom, and promises still further happy and fruitful results. We also observe with pleasure the proposed institution of Chamber Subscription Concerts in connection with the Philharmonic Society. The appeal which has been made to our public for support in this direction has been met successfully, and we expect before many weeks have passed that these concerts, for which the best available talent is engaged, will become an institution in our town.

The first concert of the season was given on the 13th of November by the Philharmonic Society, when a miscellaneous programme was executed. The members of the society had little to do, but that little was excellently performed, and in the chorus "Evening" (Kreutzer) a repetition was demanded and good-naturedly acceded to by Herr Adolf Beyschlag, the society's painstaking and popular conductor. The chorus of the society also performed the finale to the fourth act of "Masaniello" (Auber), and Schumann's "Gipsy Life" very effectively. Mme. Trebelli sang with all her matchless style her old favourites. Unfortunately for us in the provinces, we rarely get any variety from our best artistes. Yearly, or almost yearly, visits bring back the artistes, but, alas! without any extension of their repertoire—at least, we find it so in Belfast. Glück's "Che Furo," Offenbach's trifle "C'est l'Espagne," and the Habanera from "Carmen," with "Il Segretto," constitutes the list with which we have been favoured for the past eight years, and this from an artiste than whom we know no other so capable from her vast experience of giving a variety. Suffice it to say, however, we have never heard Mme. Trebelli in better voice, and it is satisfactory to record the high estimation in which she is held by our concert-goers. Mr. Joseph Maas sang with the greatest acceptance Handel's "Waft her, Angels" and Blumenthal's ever-popular "Message," each of which was loudly encored, and in the last-named substituted "Come into the garden, Maud." He also took part with Mme. Trebelli in "Si la Stanchezza" ("Trovatore"). Mr. Clifford Hallé's baritone voice is not of the most pleasing quality, but his singing of Scarlatti's "O cessate di Picargami" exhibited considerable taste. His best effort was in "To Anthea," which was encored, and "Here's a health to his Majesty" substituted. Miss Anna Lang created a most favourable impression by her violin playing in Svendsen's "Romance," one of Heller's "Pense Fugitive," and a "Spanish Dance" (Saraste), in each of which she was loudly applauded. Mr. W. Marshall acted as accompanist with taste and discretion.

For the second concert of the season the Philharmonic gave Gounod's "Redemption." As might naturally be expected, the interest created by the work was more than ordinarily great, permeating the chorus, which was larger than we have seen it for years, while the demand for tickets by the subscribers and outside public was proportionately great. The importance of the production of such a work in our midst cannot readily be over-estimated, pointing, as it undoubtedly does, to the great advance made in the musical taste of the town, as well as to the gradual disappearance of those narrow prejudices which have so retarded the advancement of art among us—prejudices which a few years ago objected to the performance of such a work as Beethoven's

"Mount of Olives." The work has been thoroughly analysed in the columns of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. We therefore content ourselves with the expression of our opinion that the composer has striven more for a religious than an artistic result. That Gounod's music is melodious, goes for the saying; that it is religious, there may possibly exist some difference of opinion. For our part, we are with those who think his music more voluptuous than sacred, notwithstanding the great beauty of his melodies, which all must admire. It only remains to say that the performance of the work was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned, and the applause which was accorded to it at its conclusion was such as to justify its early repetition by the Philharmonic Society. The artistes engaged as soloists were Mme. de Fonblanque, Mr. Gilbert Campbell (Signor Ghilberti), and Mr. H. Beaumont; the two first-named executing their work most worthily, while the latter was somewhat disappointing. Herr Adolf Beyschlag acted as conductor, and too much praise cannot possibly be given to him for the excellent result of his arduous labours, as manifested in the manner in which a band and chorus of over four hundred performers executed their work.

## Dublin.

DURING the past month there have been few concerts in Dublin. Christmas Day pantomimes and entertainments of that description have been in the ascendant. Preparations for future concerts have, however, been going on. The Dublin Glee Choir has been carrying on its practices under the *admon.* of Sir Robert Stewart, who has taken the place of Mr. Arthur Patton. On Wednesday, the 21st January, an afternoon concert was given by the pupils of the Royal Irish Academy of Music. Rehearsals are also going on at that institution for the production, for the first time in Dublin, of Handel's "Belshazzar," on the 30th of January. The Kingstown Philharmonic Society, under the conduct of Dr. Joze, are preparing, for their next concert, Cowen's "Rose Maiden." On the afternoon of Saturday, the 17th January, an organ recital was given at St. Bartholomew's Church, Clyde-road, by the organist Mr. W. H. Barry, R.A.M., who played a comprehensive programme illustrative of the German school of organ-playing. On the same afternoon another organ recital was given in St. Stephen's Protestant Church by the organist, Mr. William H. Gater, Mus. Bac.

## Dundee.

JAN. 20.

THE most important event of our musical season took place on the 17th ult., when the Dundee Choral Union gave for their first concert a most satisfactory performance of "Samson," under the *admon.* of their energetic young conductor, Mr. Turner, the accompaniments being played by the Glasgow Orchestra, and the solos being in the capable hands of Miss Annie Lea, Miss Ehrenberg, Mr. Charles Chille, and Mr. Bridson. The choral singing was, on the whole, excellent, and the vocal tone in the choruses, "Hear, Jacob's God," "Fixed is His everlasting seat," and "Let their celestial concerts all unite," was compact, sonorous and brilliant. Mr. Turner must be congratulated on the result of his indisputably efficient training—the concert being one of the best the Choral Union has given for some time. The playing of the band in the "Dead March" and Dr. Peace's effective registration at the organ produced an effect on the audience that will not be readily effaced.

The Sacred Harmonic and Philharmonic Societies combined on the 26th ult. to give an interesting performance of "Messiah," under Mr. S. C. Hurst, whose discipline was evident alike in the training of the choir and the accompaniments of the local orchestra. Save a few discrepancies in pitch between the wind instruments and strings, the performance was most creditable. Mr. Stiles was at the organ and Mr. Stoolie the excellent leader. The Broughty Ferry Choral Union gave their first concert on the 16th ult., when Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and a miscellaneous programme were performed, an otherwise excellent concert being marred by the unavoidable absence of Mr. Fredericks, of Lichfield Cathedral, who was engaged to sing the tenor part. The chorus singing was much appreciated, the famous "Polypheme" chorus—that *pons asinorum* of choral societies—going with clearness and vigour. This enterprising Society is now studying A. C. Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon."

## Glasgow.

JAN. 20.

THE early date on which last month's MAGAZINE OF MUSIC necessarily went to press forbade reference to more than a couple of the Glasgow Choral Union subscription concerts. I resume, then, my record of those important gatherings with a word or two about the Tuesday's programme, which brought forward, and for the first time here, Mr. F. H. Cowen's new symphony. Note, please, all who are concerned, that the composer now frankly accepts the cognomen "Welsh" as a suitable appellation for the "No. 4 in B flat minor." Local amateurs had formed high anticipations as to its contents, for the Scandinavian symphony made an impression of uncommon mark. Alike in its dainty scoring, in its wealth of engaging melody, and in its originality of treatment, the "No. 3" gave reason to hope that its successor would add to the reputation of the composer. From an artistic standpoint it has done so. True, the new-comer lacks a certain "popular" element—that pertaining to programme music pure and simple; and for this reason it may not, for a time, appeal to the average concert-goer. It is, nevertheless, a clever, a serious, an earnest study, replete with subtle colouring and effects obtained at all times by legitimate means. The opening *allegro* has, to my mind, a distinctly Scotch flavour. I cannot see anything particularly "Cambrian" in the texture, notwithstanding the very pronounced belief of several musicians whose opinions I respect so much. The beautiful melody of the second subject is simply reminiscent of the heather and the glen, of bagpipes, dhuine wassails and philabegs, and had the composer dubbed his attractive handiwork the *Celtic* symphony, there would, I make no doubt, have been a general chorus of assent. "What's in a name," after all? The cognomen matters not a bit, and it therefore only remains to welcome another example of ripe scholarship, another valued contribution to symphonic art from the pen of a foremost British musician. The band played it *con amore*, and this is just equivalent to saying that the gentlemen of the orchestra were impressed with their work. Mr. Cowen conducted, and he was recalled with much heartiness at the conclusion of the performance. Other items in a somewhat lengthy programme included "The Hebrides" and the "Leonore," No. 3, overtures, and Schumann's concerto for pianoforte and orchestra, wherein Herr Franz Rummel had charge of the solo instrument, and to the entire satisfaction of the large audience. Few, truth to tell, grasped the worth of another contribution to the programme. This was the slow movement from Beethoven's string quartet in C (Op. 59, No. 3), played to perfection, it may be said, by Herren Heckmann, Forberg, Allekotte, and Bellmann. The somewhat dull perception of the patrons of the Tuesday concerts was, however, amply atoned for on the following Saturday, when the famous "Cologne Quartet" evoked enthusiasm of a very positive type. Madame Trebelli sang, and as she only can, at the concert under notice. The programme of the fourth one was remarkable for the first performance in Glasgow of Brahms's new symphony, No. 3, in F. There were other novelties in the programme, equally worthy a place, and these comprised the two instrumental movements from "The Rose of Sharon," which have promptly found their way to the concert platform since the advent of Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio at Norwich. The accomplished Scotch composer was also drawn upon for the prelude to "Colomba," Herr Hugo Heermann was heard with renewed acceptance in Spohr's concerto for violin and orchestra No. 8, and Miss Thudichum was the vocalist of the evening. On New Year's Day morning the time-honoured annual performance of the "Messiah" took place. The soloists included the lady just named, Miss Marian McKenzie, Mr. W. H. Brereton, and Mr. Joseph Maas. A good quartet, it will be conceded. Something more, nevertheless, is needed for an adequate rendering of Handel's work. An efficient chorus and band, and the strong guiding power of an ever-watchful conductor, never fail to accentuate the impressive points in the eloquent sermon. Under Mr. Mann's *admon.* the performance was really an admirable one, and it must frankly be said that the chorists gained a triumph in many passages where refinement, grace, and expression were notable achievements. The sixth concert of the series drew out, like its predecessors, a large and brilliant audience. On this occasion the chief interest centred, probably in the examples of Dvůřák's genius. Hereabouts the remarkable man, who has invariably a



vast deal to say for himself, is little more than a name. We knew him less by his works than by repute. But his reputation is an honoured one, "alike for his great powers, and because he may prove a rallying point of resistance against the modern Germans, who are overrunning the world with eccentricity and commonplace." There is nothing, sure enough, of the last-named element in the "Notturmo for string orchestra" (Op. 40) with which Glasgow folks made acquaintance for the first time. The exquisite fancy at once arrested attention. That was a distinct gain, and we would fain believe that "C. A. B's." short and eminently practical programme notes have not been altogether written in vain. The "Scherzo Capriccioso" which followed, and in delightful contrast, told its own Bohemian tale—if I may be allowed the expression. More particularly the first movement, a wild, piquant and saucy allegro, running riot, it need not be said, in its tonality, and fascinating in its every bar. Both pieces were well-cared for by the orchestra, as also the three movements from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" symphony, and the evergreen "Tell" overture. Oddly enough, Miss Agnes Zimmermann made, at this concert, her first appearance before the patrons of the scheme. Her legitimate method was hailed with satisfaction. More, her selection of Mozart's pianoforte concerto in D minor appealed, we venture to believe, to those who have the best interests of the harmonic art at heart. Music at once both rational and generous, and worth a score of modern concoctions, rejoicing in the name of "Concertos," cannot fail to live until the end of all time. On the evening of the 13th ult. the management very properly recognised the bi-centenary of the birth of a man to whom, in Schumann's words, "music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder." The first half of the programme was devoted to selections from the works of Johann Sebastian Bach, and those displayed, moreover, commendable tact and judgment. Herr Heckmann was assigned, for example, the famous "Chaconne for violin," played in true artistic style, and, with Herr Otto Forberg as his coadjutor, he took part in the "Concerto in D minor for two violins and orchestra of strings." The truly sumptuous melody pertaining to the Largo movement was given out with fine expression, and the concerto calls, imperatively, for another hearing at earliest. Mme. Clara Samuelli sang the beautiful air, "My heart ever faithful," and the second part of the programme included an excellent performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony, and the Vorspiel to "Die Meistersinger."

At the moment, I cannot remember if I have ever in these columns touched upon the charges for admission to the Saturday Popular Concerts. "Whether or no," a good tale can well stand repetition, and it may surprise interested readers to learn that by far the larger portion of St. Andrew's Hall is set apart on the last evening of the week at a shilling a head; and for half-a-crown you can have a reserved seat in the comfortable balconies. What value have we, it may be asked, for such a modest outlay? Well, to be brief, the Choral Union band of eighty executants administers to our musical wants; vocalists, oft and again of eminence, lend agreeable variety to the programmes; and Mr. August Manns is just the same earnest and zealous conductor we meet with on what may be termed the "upper ten" nights. It is, indeed, sometimes difficult to draw the line between the musical worth of the Tuesday and of the Saturday programmes. Recently, for example, the first part of a Saturday concert was devoted entirely to Wagner. The "Dutchman" overture again proved a hit. Walther's Prize Song was, on this occasion, played by all the first violins—and with, moreover, uncommon felicity—and the highly attractive Waldweben from "Siegfried" simply secured, I must frankly confess, new adherents to the faith of one "who sometimes practised not only that which he did not preach, but that which he preached against." Above all, however, the appearance of the "Cologne String Quartet" created a profound impression. It is no exaggeration to say that never before did a Glasgow audience really feel the charm of an almost perfect ensemble. At the concert referred to, Herr Heckmann and his accomplished coadjutors played the "Andante" from Schubert's well-known D minor quartet. Its interpretation was simply an unalloyed treat. Chamber music, hereabouts, gained vastly by the much-needed fillip, and the couple of vehement recalls told a tale of unwonted appreciation. Space permits only a line of reference to many other attractive selections heard at the "Pops" of late. The symphonies have

included Beethoven's Nos. 4 and 5, Haydn's "Clock," Raff's "Lenore," and Mozart's ever-welcome "E flat." Herr Rummel took the pianoforte part in Liszt's "Concerto No. 1 in E flat," and admirable performances, in the main, have taken place of the "Ruy Blas," "Les Francs Juges," and "The Naiads" overtures. Ballet airs by Gounod, and other standard composers, have also found acceptable place in the programmes, and the vocal contributions have been under the experienced care of Mmes. Clara Samuelli, Hilda Coward, Thudichum, and Mr. Joseph Maas.

One line before closing my letter to say that "The Glasgow Society of Musicians" entertain Mr. August Manns to dinner on the evening of the 29th inst., a well merited recognition of the worth of the Crystal Palace chef.

## Bradford.

JAN. 18.

THERE is only one event in the month's record. In Bradford, as in other English towns, the Christmas season is a time of domestic entertainments, and as such eschewed by public concert givers. Not until January 16th was the end of this interlude marked by the fourth of the Subscription Concerts—a performance of orchestral and vocal music, excellent in itself and presenting a programme of remarkable interest. It is not needful to dwell here on the grandeur of Beethoven's C minor Symphony, which made the centre-piece; nor on the graphic skill of Mendelssohn's boyish but magical overture to the "Midsummer Night's Dream," that trips with the lightness of the fairies, and speaks to us of Bottom's long ears; still less of such familiar favourites as the "Tannhäuser" and "Semiramide" overtures. It may be said, however, that Mr. Halle's orchestra gave a quite phenomenal rendering of the deeply-impressive Wagnerian selection. Of more interest to outsiders will be some remarks about the Belgian violoncellist, M. Jules de Swert, who at this concert made his first appearance in these parts, and introduced a concerto of his own devising. The work takes a creditable place amongst compositions of its kind. The themes, although not indicating a great wealth of ideas, are, so far as they go, original and poetical in their nature; whilst the working out, especially in the constant relation which is kept between the solo instrument and the orchestra, bespeaks the hand of an earnest musician—one who cares more for his art than for a display of virtuosity. It must be said, however, that the concerto shares to the full that restless tonality which is characteristic of so much modern music. As a player, M. de Swert is in some respects unequalled, especially for the perfect purity and silvery-like quality of his tone. It appears to be his chief endeavour to avoid anything like an approach to the habit of rasping, which is so disagreeable an element in nearly all 'cello performances, and in his case to endeavour is to perfectly succeed. It is true this achievement is sometimes at the cost of power, but certainly takes nothing from finish of execution. Some *glissando* passages in the concerto and a mazurka of Popper's were marvellous exhibitions, and the beauty of tone and expression with which M. de Swert played a lovely little air by Bach must have lingered in the memory of all who heard it.

Another interesting item at this concert was Bizet's suite for orchestra, "L'Arlésienne." This is so admirable an example of the best French school, that it is strange it should not be oftener heard. The suite is to a certain extent founded on old dance measures, but contributes to them themes of such sweetness, uses them with such freedom and ingenuity, and invests them with such splendid instrumentation, that they come to wear quite a new and magnificent aspect. There are five movements in the suite, each of them admirable in its way. Special mention may be made of the first, a sonorous march, subject copiously varied; a lovely *adagio*, a sort of idyll for the strings; and the last, entitled "Carillon," wherein a clever and singularly impressive effect is obtained by the persistence with which three notes chime in from the horns.

The vocalist was Mme. Valleria, who displayed a beautiful voice and highly-finished operatic method in Rossini's "Salve Opaco," and the bolero from "I Vespri Siciliani." She also sang with orchestral accompaniment a charmingly refined and graceful Romanza by Cowen, "Who knows," which pleased so well that she had to repeat a verse.

## London & Provincial Concert Dates.

[Concert-givers and secretaries of choral bodies are invited to send notices for this column. Information cannot be used if received after the 20th of each month.]

Date.	Hour.	Distinguishing Title of Concert.	Town.
Feb. 3	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	London
" 4	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 7	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 9	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 11	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 14	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall. Herr Joachim's first appearance this season	"
" 14	8 p.m.	Grand National Festival Concert, Mr. Carter's Choir, Albert Hall	"
" 16	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 18	8 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 18		Madame Jenny Viard Louis' Second Series of Beethoven's works, Princes' Hall, Piccadilly	"
" 20		Students' Concert, Royal Academy of Music	"
" 21	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 23	8 p.m.	Monday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 25	3 p.m.	London Ballad Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 27		Sacred Harmonic Society, "Belshazzar," St. James' Hall	"
" 28	3 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, St. James' Hall	"
" 28	8 p.m.	Grand National Festival Concert, Mr. William Carter's Choir, Royal Albert Hall	"
" 10	8 p.m.	Mr. G. Augustus Holmes' Annual Evening Concert	Camberwell.
Feb. 6		Ballad Concert (Subscription Concert)	Bradford
Feb. 14	7.30 p.m.	Saturday Popular Concert, Large Colston Hall, Handel's "Messiah"	Bristol.
Feb. 5	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Halle's Concert	Manchester
" 12	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Halle's Concert	"
" 14	7.30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	"
" 19	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Halle's Concert	"
" 26	7.30 p.m.	Mr. Charles Halle's Concert	"
" 28	7.30 p.m.	M. de Jong's Popular Concert	"
Feb. 3	8 p.m.	Choral Union Concert	Edinburgh.
" 6		Choral Union Concert	"
" 9		Choral Union Concert	"
" 14		Second Subscription Concert (Thirteenth Series) of the Edinburgh Amateur Orchestral Society	"
Feb. 14	8 p.m.	Pianoforte Recital by Mme. Essipoff at Queen's Rooms	Glasgow.
Feb. 4	8 p.m.	Third Grand Miscellaneous Subscription Concert, Mdms. Valleria and Patey, Signor Foh, Mr. Redfern Hollins, Mr. Hollman, Signor Bisaccia	Belfast.
Feb. 29	7.45 p.m.	Liverpool Philharmonic Choral Society. Alberto Randegger, Conductor. Handel's Bicentenary Commemoration—"Judas Maccabæus." Band and chorus of 350.	Liverpool.
Feb. 17	7.45	Aberdeen Choral Union, "Eli," Artists: Samuelli, D'Alton, Chillely, Hilton	Aberdeen

ST. GEORGE'S CRICKET CLUB, CAMBERWELL.—The Fourth Annual Concert of this club took place on the 16th of January at the Collyer Memorial Schools, High-street, Peckham. The programme opened with the "Afghan Galop," played by Miss Florence Turner, whose other selection was "Sans Souci." Miss Ethel Bevans showed a voice of singular power and sweetness, for so young a lady, in her songs "The Worker," "Good-bye," and "The Better Land." Miss Florence Broussart charmingly sang "The Beautiful Song" and "The Summer of Love," and Miss Lillie Fincham gave in winsome style "The Old Lock" and "The Lost Chord." Mr. John Lovett was an admirable tenor, and he acquitted himself especially well in "The Death of Nelson," his other song being "Ever Dear." Mr. Fred W. Farmer and Mr. Walter A. Williams delighted the audience with their baritone songs, the former giving "No Surrender" and "Old Sailors," and the latter "Our Captain" and "A Sailor's Wooing," subsequently singing the well-known "Father O'Flynn" as an encore. The rest of the programme consisted of a couple of violin solos played by Mr. A. Gambier Holmes, and a comic sketch and song by Mr. Sidney T. Evans. The concert was under the direction of Mr. Arthur Cutler, the hon. secretary of the club, assisted by a number of stewards.



## Schubert's Sonatas.

X.

THE second movement of the Sonata in D, opus 53, contains some most interesting material for the pianist to study.

Written in the episodal or short rondo form, and in the key of A, the chief subject at once arrests attention by its definite rhythm, for as the movement is in triple time of three crotchets, and the first note of each bar is a dotted crotchet followed by three moving quavers, this halting rhythm becomes well established during the sixteen bars which the first sentence with its repetition thus occupies. Its continuation, though starting with the same rhythm, only lasts for three bars before it is changed to short phrases of groups of four quavers, which must of necessity, in triple time, bring about a displacement of the regular accent; and this is a move which shows the master hand, so entirely out of the common is it, and yet it is a device by no means overlooked by our classical composers as a way of obtaining variety of accent and rhythm by very simple means. It is by just a touch here and there like this that genius manifests itself, and so raises its efforts so far above the attempts of the multitude. At the point that we have reached a full close is made so as to bring to a conclusion the first portion of the chief subject, after which the rhythm is maintained in fits and starts by two short unison passages alternated with harmony. The passage is then made to modulate through the key of B minor to that of B flat major, in which latter key the four-quaver phrase again puts in an appearance, the key being afterwards immediately quitted so as to lead round to the tonic again for the chief subject, which this time is not repeated note for note, but is treated to sundry changes after the first four bars by means of prolongation, a transient modulation to G, and other alterations.

This brings to a close what may be termed the first portion of this movement, though, of course, in this form there is no double bar to indicate this, the requirements of this form not demanding a repetition of the part as in that of the first movement of a sonata. At this point begins the first episode, which naturally claims a complete change of both tonality and material from that utilised for the chief subject. The key of the sub-dominant is therefore taken, and most wisely too, as a broad distinction is thus drawn between this form and the first movement form, commonly known as the duplex, binary, or sonata form, which demands as a general principle the tonality of the dominant for the enunciation of the second subject.

The nature of the matter, too, is widely different, again manifesting sound discretion, for the tone is changed from *piano* to *forte*, the activity is considerably augmented, and another new interest also appears in the syn-copated character of the entire idea. Nine bars are utilised in laying this out, and it is brought to a close by a perfect cadence and pause.

We are now introduced to another complete change, the key of G (or the sub-dominant of the sub-dominant) being requisitioned for this entirely new idea. While being unable unhesitatingly to commend the composer for his

good judgment here, as the key is one remove beyond that recommended by either prudence or usage, it cannot but be admitted that the effect is particularly striking and fresh, even though to a studious auditor it must generate feelings of wonder as to what next, and as to how the composer will eventually succeed in returning home. Classics do not abound in indications for the use of either pedal, but at this point, which is marked *pianissimo*, Schubert has also given the direction *una corda*, or one string. We are thus at once in the secret of the very special effect which the composer intends to produce by this little bit of unusual tactics, in which, too, he goes still farther by a wheel around through the keys of C major and E minor, on the dominant of which latter key his bass rests awhile, thus preparing, with the additional aid of a *ritardando*, for a return to the G major episode, but with the indication *tutte corde*, or all the strings.

So very rare is the direction of a composer for this use of the left or soft pedal, that it cannot but be remarked that piano students practising the classics are liable to establish the erroneous idea that the soft pedal is to be used in all passages marked *p* or *pp*, or else that there is no use for it at all. They have thus to be shown that the *p* and *pp* and even *ppp* tones are to be produced by mere alteration of touch only, which thus produces proportionate gradations in volume of tone alone. As the soft pedal either lessens the numbers of strings that each note commands, or else, as in the case with the celeste pedal now so commonly used in modern upright pianos, introduces a strip of felt between the hammers and the strings, which thus materially softens the stroke, not merely the volume of tone is lessened, but the quality is completely altered, so that its use is unwelcome for ordinary purposes, and it is only in very special cases that it is discreet to make use of it.

One such case is unquestionably that now under consideration, though there are one or two cases in the classics where the composer has not indicated its use, but where the special effect of the passage in question not merely justifies, but almost demands, its use. To quote a familiar instance, mention might be made of the suave A flat subject which follows the double bar in the last movement of Beethoven's Piano Sonata No. 1 in F minor, opus 2, No. 1, when the use of the pedal should be discontinued at the return of the triplets in the left hand, even though it is marked *pp*.

To return to our analysis of Schubert's movement, in which we had reached the point where the use of the soft pedal ceased on the return to the G major episode, which this time is brought to a similar conclusion as before, though on a new stationary bass note as the dominant of the returning key of D, in which now re-appear the first episode, but with alterations and modulations, for the purpose of leading round to the dominant of the original key A. The first or chief subject now re-appears and is given to the left hand, while the right has detached ornamentation against it, this plan being reversed for the repetition of the eight bars, the music of which is therefore written straight out instead of a repetition being indicated by dots and a double bar, as it was at first. The con-

tinuation from here follows precisely the lines that it did in the first place after the first portion of the chief subject was closed, i.e., as far as the harmony is concerned. It is, however, laid out less simply, more activity is brought to bear upon this second reading, and consistently so too, for increased interest is thus made to accompany what otherwise might only prove wearisome.

In carrying this out the four-quaver phrases, already twice alluded to, are by a change of position in each one developed into six-semi-quaver phrases with a quaver to close, and are thus made to cover the same time space. Following the cadence which here finds a place, the unison passages which in the corresponding point in the earlier part of the movement continued the rhythm, here also find reproduction, but by their elaboration would scarcely be recognised as such by the casual observer; and, indeed, they might escape observation altogether as representing the earlier unison passages were it not for their occupying the corresponding position here.

The subsequent music is a reproduction of that following that of the earlier part, but differing entirely in its purpose in that it is made to lead round to the chief subject, this time in the key of E instead of A. The first episode which was before introduced in the key of D immediately following the chief subject in that of A is now reproduced in the key of A, which has precisely the same relationship to the recent key of E, in which the chief subject has last been heard, as in the first part the key of D did to that of A.


The order of key sequence therefore in which at the beginning of the movement the chief subject and the first episode were enunciated, are thus most faithfully reflected in the afterpart of the movement. This reciprocity of plan is further carried out now, for following it is now introduced that new idea which in the first place was admitted in the key of G and with soft pedal, but which now following in similar key sequence is exposed in that of D, the sub-dominant.

At the close of this, the subject of the first episode again follows as it did in the first part, and the subsequent matter is a complete reflection again of all that followed in the first part at the corresponding place, but with this difference that whereas before it led round from the key of D to the dominant of A, it now leads from the key of A (with, of course, more modulation) round to the dominant of the same key, in which the chief subject now appears for the last time. Additional interest is given to this final re-appearance by the syn-copated rhythm of the first episode being supplementarily added by way of ornamentation to this chief subject. A coda constructed on materials already worked, and which is of moderate length, follows on this, and brings to a conclusion a movement abounding in interesting details to the musician, and which at the same time can scarcely fail to entertain the most ordinary listener, even if his ear has not been educated in the least to an appreciation of music written by the great masters, and which, in contradistinction to so much that has been written in a worthless, light, and showy style, is now acknowledged under the term classical.



## Musical Celebrities.

### X.—MADAME CLARA SCHUMANN.

 THE story of Madame Schumann's life is in great part woven in with that of her illustrious husband, and is thus known to all readers of the Schumann literature. That literature is by no means scanty; the facts of Schumann's career are abundantly set forth, and the influences upon his emotional and intellectual life do not lie in any special obscurity. Madame Schumann's share in these influences constitutes a part of the poetry and romance of musical biography. A very tender light is cast upon her personality by Schumann's writings; she has a place in those associations of individuals, partly real, partly imaginary, whom Schumann loved to make the interlocutors in his fanciful prose work and in his music; while as an inspiration to his genius, and as a medium of his ideas, her power cannot be stated in words. Indeed, there are many features in the relations of the gifted pair that should be held sacred, or referred to only by those who have the privilege of intimate knowledge, and can write with perfect sympathy and delicacy. Here we are content simply to collect a few particulars of Madame Schumann's career as an independent artiste; and this restricted course may be accepted the more willingly seeing that an article dealing with the early relations of Robert and Clara Schumann has already been submitted to our readers.\*

Clara Josephine Wieck, the daughter of Friedrich Wieck, from whom Schumann had his first systematic teaching in music, was born at Leipzig on the 13th September, 1819. Clara had been her father's pupil from her tenderest years, but the development of her musical gifts was not forced in such a way as to interfere with her health and the exuberance of her spirits. The exacting teacher was also a man of judgment, and knew the price mere mental precocity has to pay for its existence. But the child's gifts were so extraordinary, and her character so blended of simplicity and gaiety, that it was difficult to think of her as of the average child phenomenon. At the age of nine she could play Mozart's Concertos and Hummel's A minor Concerto for the orchestra. A year later she began to compose and to improvise without difficulty, for her lessons in counterpoint and harmony had kept pace with her studies of pianoforte technique.

Paganini visited Leipzig at the time, and was so astonished at the little Clara's precocious genius that he insisted on her presence at all his concerts, and addressed her with the deepest respect as a fellow-artist. She first appeared in public concert at the age of eleven in Leipzig, Weimar, and other places, playing Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, and Chopin. The latter of these composers was then almost unknown in Germany, and Clara Wieck, young as she was, contributed largely to making him popular. A year later she visited Paris in company with her father, and

heard Chopin and Liszt, who, on their part, were delighted with the little artist who, beneath the delicacy and timidity of the child, indicated extraordinary powers. Society received her with the most flattering approbation, and when her father allowed her to appear in concert, her playing excited delight and surprise. Her improvisations especially displayed a vigour of imagination and a well-defined knowledge extremely rare.

Returning from Paris, Clara Wieck gave herself up to work with fresh ardour. She studied composition under Heinrich Dorn, took lessons in singing from Mieksch, a famous teacher in his day, and even began violin playing, so great was her ambition to accomplish herself in music. From 1836 to 1838 she made an extended concert tour through Germany, and was welcomed everywhere as a musico-poetical ideal by enthusiasts. The poet Grillparzer spoke of her as "the innocent child who first unlocked the casket in which Beethoven buried his mighty heart."

Robert Schumann became intimate in the Wieck household when Clara was yet nine years of age. She was only thirteen when he wrote of her in his journal—"As I know people who having but just heard Clara, yet rejoice in the anticipation of their next occasion of hearing her, I ask what sustains this continued interest in her? Is it the 'wonder child' herself, at whose stretches of tenths people shake their heads while they are amazed at them, or the most difficult difficulties which she sportively flings towards the public like flower garlands? Is it the special pride of the city with which a people regards its own natives? Is it that she presents to us the most interesting productions of recent art in as short a time as possible? Is it that the masses understand that art should not depend on the caprice of a few enthusiasts, who direct us back to a century over whose corpse the wheels of time are hastening? I know not: I only feel that here we are subdued by genius, which men still hold in respect. In short, we here divine the presence of a power of which much is spoken while few indeed possess it. . . . Early she drew the veil of Isis aside. Serenely the child looks up; older eyes, perhaps, would have been blinded by that radiant light. . . . To Clara we dare no longer apply the measuring scale of age, but only that of fulfilment. . . . Clara Wieck is the first German artist. . . . Pearls do not float on the surface; they must be sought for in the deep, often with danger. But Clara is an intrepid diver."

The marriage project formed in time by the two was not favoured by Clara's father. Schumann had long been a loved member of his family circle, and Wieck had no mean opinion of the youth's musical talents, but apparently he aimed at leading his daughter into a brilliant artistic career with which the idea of marriage did not harmonise. Accordingly he set forth with Clara on a long concert tour; but excitement and public adulation did not shake the steadfastness of her affection. At her concerts she played compositions by Schumann along with those of Beethoven, Liszt, and Chopin. It was not, however, until 1840 that the marriage took place, Wieck's opposition having actually to be broken down by a legal process.

The next few years were full of placid happiness. This was the period of Schumann's song-blossom, his musical activity taking the lyric form. Concert tours alone broke into the quiet of the domestic life. They fulfilled engagements at Hamburg, Copenhagen, St. Petersburg, Vienna, and other places. In the Russian capital an especially genial reception awaited them. They were frequently invited to the Winter Palace by the Emperor and Empress, and the artistic circles were loud in praise of Madame Schumann's playing. Her husband's music, profiting by her interpretation, was warmly received.

From this point the life of Mme. Schumann is merged in that of her husband, whose great original gifts were now being demonstrated. She was his unfailing exponent in public at a time when conservatism in music had to be contended with. What the last years of the married life must have brought to this devoted wife and great artist, when Schumann's intellect became clouded, cannot be described. Since his death in 1856, Mme. Schumann has been the faithful interpreter of his pianoforte music, and the present widespread admiration of Schumann's compositions is largely traceable to her work of genius and love.

Mme. Schumann's first appearance in England was in the year 1856, shortly before her husband's death, when she played at the concerts of the Philharmonic, the Musical Union, and other societies. Public taste here had, however, to be educated. The critics displayed their usual fallibility, and Mme. Schumann was not induced to repeat her visit until 1865. By this time Schumann's fame had waxed great. Her third visit was in 1867, and since then her visits have, with occasional interruptions, been annual ones. English audiences are now drawn to her alike by the interest of her personality and the power of her art.

To that power there have been many striking testimonies. Berlioz, who heard her in her youth, pronounced her the greatest *virtuoso* in Germany, in one of his letters to Heine. Henry Chorley heard her at Leipzig in 1839, and speaks of the "organ-playing on the piano of Madame Schumann, who commands her instrument with the enthusiasm of a Sybil and the grasp of a man." Her right to stand in the first rank of living pianists is freely acknowledged, and her capacity has been shown in all schools of composition. In a remarkable degree she blends the poetic and the intellectual in her renderings, and winds herself into a composer's thought with luminous effect. There are few players even yet who have such a surpassing power of begetting in listeners a love of music for its own sake.

DURING the performance of an opera, the inferior singing was made wretched by the effects of an augmented orchestra, in which some violinists were playing decidedly out of tune. This rendered the disappointed audience so irascible that when a drunken character in the gallery brought their displeasure to a climax by causing a lengthened interruption, a number of those near him seized him, amid cries of—"Throw him over!" "Throw him down!" "Throw him into the pit!" Then rather a gentle voice was heard exclaiming, during a lull in the storm—"Oh, please, if you throw him over, don't waste him; kill a fiddler with him!"

\* See "Magazine of Music," November, 1884.



## The Organ.

### XI.

HAVING said all that is necessary of the 4- and 2-feet mutation stops, we are now brought to a consideration of those of the intermediate lengths, and which the reader may again be reminded are the only ones that some writers classify under this head. The first to mention is the quint, or 5-feet 4-inches length for the lowest note C. Through the adoption of this length all the notes throughout the register speak a fifth higher than the unison tone of the 8-feet stops. All the C's, therefore, by means of the quint stop speak G above, so that the lowest C on the organ speaks G on the first line of the bass stave; the next C the G in the fourth space of the same stave, and so on through the whole compass. There is no special quality about the mutation stops of this class, for the quint is of similar tone to the open diapason or principal, between which it occupies a midway position. The next to mention is the twelfth of 2-feet 8-inches length for the lowest C. This stop is no more nor less than an octave quint speaking the octave above the fifth above the unison tone, or, as the name indicates, in simpler numerical terms, a twelfth above the unison tone of the 8-feet stops. With the twelfth, therefore, all the C's speak G similarly to the quint, but, of course, an octave higher still, so that the lowest C will really speak G in the fourth space of the bass stave, the next C the G on the second line of the treble stave, and so on through the whole compass. This may be said to occupy a midway position between the principal and fifteenth.

If a stop of this fifth-sounding class be used upon the pedal organ it is simply an octave below the quint of the manuals, so it would be said to be of 10-feet 8-inches length, and would be called a pedal quint. The twelfth is also called a quint in German organs, the difference between that and the pedal and other manual quint being simply indicated by the length of the lowest pipe. There is yet one more of these fifth-sounding mutation stops to be mentioned, and that is the octave twelfth, which, as its name implies, speaks an octave above the twelfth, which will thus be two octaves above the quint on the manuals, or, in plain terms, a nineteenth above the unison. This is of 1-foot 4-inch length for the lowest C, which will thus speak G on the second line of the treble stave, the next C speaking the G above the treble staff, and so on. This stop occupies a position above the fifteenth, and is rarely, if ever, to be found in English instruments. This stop is sometimes called a larigot.

In old organs (perhaps in Continental ones even more than English) there were a similar set of stops which gave the major third in the various octaves instead of the fifth. The name for these stops was tierce, but they have almost altogether dropped out of use unless it is in large pedal organs. These tierces spoke a third, tenth, and seventeenth respectively, above the unison tone. If the writer has

been clearly understood, it might now confirm what has been said if a recapitulation of the position that at least the still-retained fifth-sounding stops will occupy between the unison foundation tone and its various octaves were set forth before the reader. Taking the lowest note of the organ (CC) as the note upon which to describe their various positions, this note will produce upon the following stops:—Double open diapason, C below the fifth ledger line below the bass stave; open diapason, C on the second ledger line below the bass stave; quint, G on the first line of the bass stave; principal, C in the second space of the bass stave; twelfth, G in the fourth space of the bass stave; fifteenth, C on the ledger line between the treble and bass staves; and octave twelfth or larigot, G on the second line of the treble stave.

The use of the mutation stops is to further Nature's idea by supplying the chief of the harmonic series; they thus become instrumental in imparting a certain fulness and roundness to the stratum of the foundation tone, by filling up; they are thus supposed, and to a great extent must be confessed, to supply what the natural harmonics do towards increasing the charm of stringed instruments. Strings owe the chief of their musical fascination to the strong presence of several of their principal harmonics. Compared with these, plain organ pipes of no particular quality are somewhat uninteresting in their tone; for though it cannot be denied that organ-pipes produce harmonics, they have nothing like the proportion with the generating tone that occurs in the case of strings, and hence their less musical quality. To compensate in some measure for this, mutation stops were introduced, and though it does not fulfil so well the purpose of the natural harmonics of strings, it is about the best thing that has as yet been thought of to supply the place. In such a progressive era as the present we may yet see, before many years have passed away, a considerable modification in the way in which organ-builders will supply something in place of, or to intensify, Nature's harmonics.

In continuation of our present consideration of mutation stops, we next come to a class of stops which may also be denominated compound, a term which is understood to apply to those which have more than one row of pipes; or, in other words, those to which every key speaks more than one pipe.

This is in contradistinction to all the other stops at present mentioned, and which should be looked upon as simple, as they have but one pipe to each note.

The first of these compound stops to be enumerated is the doublette, which, though in some French organs is simply another name for the fifteenth, in most English instruments in which it finds a place is applied to a stop of two ranks, which sound respectively a fifteenth and twenty-second above the unison, and are thus an octave distant from each other. This stop is by no means in general use, but is occasionally to be met with in swell organs which are not of sufficient magnitude to contain a sesquialtera or mixture.

The sesquialtera is a stop of either 2, 3, 4, or even 5 ranks. They are always tuned in thirds, fifths, or octaves to the foundation or

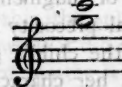
unison tone, though the arrangement of the different elements is subject to very much variation in different instruments, so that no hard-and-fast line can be laid down as to their constituents.

As a general rule a 3-rank sesquialtera consists of the seventeenth, nineteenth, and twenty-second from the unison tone, which, it is almost unnecessary to add, does not exist at all in the combination. The lowest key of the organ manual (CC), with this arrangement, would, therefore, speak E on the first line of the treble staff, G on the second line, and C in the third space. It would become impracticable to continue so small a series of pipes upwards throughout the entire compass of the manual; there is, therefore, at certain points *breaks*, or *returns*. These, though seemingly inconsistent to continuity, are not antagonistic to the phenomena of acoustics, which suggests and justifies the use of compound stops. These breaks consist of a return at certain points to the same tones or notes which the previous octave sounded, and is then continued up an octave, where a similar return is made at a corresponding point. A sesquialtera of 2 ranks is usually composed of a twelfth and tierce, in which the tierce being the highest sounding note, the interval formed by the two is a major sixth. This stop is only now to be found in old organs, and has almost completely dropped out of use.

The mixture is a similarly planned compound stop to the sesquialtera, and may have any number of ranks from two to five.

In English organs, where the sesquialtera does not consist of many ranks, the pipes of the mixture are frequently made on a smaller scale than those of the sesquialtera, especially so when the latter is not made to include some of the higher harmonics.

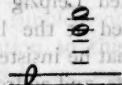
A two-rank mixture is not often used, but when it is it generally contains a twenty-sixth and twenty-ninth for the lowest two octaves. The lowest C of the manuals would thus speak—



At middle C a return is usually made, so that as the attitude is then reduced an octave, the nineteenth and twenty-second would be given in place of the twenty-sixth and twenty-ninth, and the middle C in question



would really speak



Some builders make the break at the C sharp instead of the C, and in some organs it is made earlier, and so before the middle C is reached, while in some modern instruments it is the practice to carry both the mixture and sesquialtera up to the smallest size speaking-pipe that can be made use of in organs before a break is made. Three, four, and five rank mixtures are in much more



frequent use than two, though that of five ranks is chiefly used where no sesquialtera exists on the same manual. When such is the case, it is made more like a five-rank sesquialtera, and so closely copies the mixture of German and other Continental organs, which differs from the usual English one in that the mixture is the *first* compound stop in continental instruments, another being usually available to follow it as a second (and this is frequently the cymbel), whereas in English instruments the sesquialtera is the first and mixture second.

## Familiar Letters.

### I.

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAS BEEN ASKED TO SING.

**Y**OU have been sitting the greater part of the evening in a corner of the drawing-room, looking over a Turner collection and listening to the high-art talk of an enthusiastic Ruskinite. You have not been dull, for the charm of Turner is tolerably lasting, and his strong work would start ideas in a sluggish brain, which yours is not. But the hostess, in her transparent good nature, imagines that as you are withdrawn from the movement and conversation of her guests, your spirits cannot be quite up to that pitch of social exhilaration which marks a successful evening. Probably, too, she has a desire that your gifts should be known and esteemed; or, as motives are apt to become a little mixed in the anxiety of entertaining, it may be that she fancies the conversation flags a little, and wishes you to supply a fresh stimulus. At any rate, she asks you to sing, or rather, with a happy disregard of tautology, "to sing something."

Now this request, simple and familiar as it is to most, supplies a test of character, and not a few ladies fail to emerge with perfect credit. The answers given might keep a cynical observer in amusement for a long while. The first half-hesitating excuse often disagrees with that immediately following, and both are sometimes quite discordant with fact. It is a phenomenon of social life not yet reduced to moral law that a young lady may commit herself to the statement—first, that she does not sing; second, that she sings only a very little, and may then proceed to emit a series of piercing G sharps, with all the callous confidence that belongs to a high-set soprano. When such a person goes to the piano there is cause for trembling. Be thankful if you are spared "*Pur dicesti*," which the lady, who admits, as it were, only a bowing acquaintance with music, may have been practising for months, and the technical difficulties of which she cannot, of course, render otherwise than as an imperfectly-learned singing lesson.

A disinterested spectator of such an episode would suspect the existence of a false note for which the vocalist was for once not responsible; and reflection would show that the jar arose from the assumption, on the one side, that every lady necessarily has the musical gift, and on the part of the person asked that

she must comply, or miss some social distinction. Now music has its share of the superstition that infests in a greater or less degree every human art. It is the favourite superstition of the average parent that her daughters must learn to play and to sing. Hence thousands of little hands and uninterested brains have to struggle with five-finger exercises, bestowing painfully and hopelessly on music the time and energy which might develop natural faculties equally worthy of care. Far be it from me to discourage the cherishing of any musical gift, however feeble; but something is due to other forms of culture. There is not the same social pressure employed to cause young people to work with the brush, or to study a science, or to become conversant with a period of literature. Yet on the score of mere accomplishment, putting the matter on no higher ground, any one of these branches of intellectual effort ought to be as worthy of assiduous study as music; and a lady who has followed her natural genius into science or literature is certain to be more highly cultured than one who has with difficulty acquired a few of Schubert's songs, and can play an easy movement in a Beethoven sonata. Music has, of course, a more readily demonstrable social value, while, as a means of refined pleasure as well as a source of good influences, it has some weighty advantages over kindred arts. But its social usefulness and distinction are apt to be over-estimated because of the imperfections of our intercourse. The art of conversation might be made as beautiful in its way as the art of music, and if this were more generally recognised the level of talk in society would not only be higher, but many ladies would be spared the ordeal of becoming wholly uninteresting as soon as they quitted the piano. There would also be fewer harsh and shrewish speaking voices. A lady who can converse in the best sense, giving back idea for idea in correct language and in pleasantly modulated tones, need have no self-chidings when the attention of the company is attracted to a singer or player energetically engaged in sending notes abroad into space, or need hesitate to say "no" when asked to go and do likewise.

In your case, however, such an answer is unnecessary. You are in the habit of singing at once when asked, and you proceed to the instrument. Now is your critical time. The songs a person sings are a revelation of character and of culture, and between the exhibition of brilliant roulades and the delivery of vapid sentiment set to musical platitudes with a waltz jingle for refrain, there are many opportunities of imperilling your reputation as a person whose taste is guided by ideas. There never would be any such danger were it understood that singing is simply a heightened form of speech, and that trivialities and inanities should be as objectionable to a thoughtful person in music as they would be in conversation. Some of the most effective singers are persons who have acquired comparatively little of the technique, who would to a certainty break down in a scale, but who intensely feel that the song contains poetically expressed ideas which are to be conveyed to the hearers by the vehicle of musical tones. The very worst offender

among singers is probably the one who has the notion that the words of a song are simply so many conveniences for the production of notes, and who generally gives the words a pronunciation worse than that of any known dialect, and belonging to none. In another and more pretentious way the singer of dramatic scenes transgresses. What Manfred has to say to Leonora depends upon a certain situation in the development of a plot, and to deliver operatic music at the pianoforte, with the added confusion of a foreign language, is simply to put vocal display before the expression of poetical and musical thoughts fitted for general comprehension. Probably the unintelligibility of so much singing is the reason that the first note is the signal for a conversational buzz. Clearly, if all knew that worthy ideas were about to be communicated to them through the exalted medium of music, the vocalist would have more attentive and appreciative listeners.

The choice of a song is, therefore, a critical matter. Guided by the views I have been trying to make plain, you would have no doubt about rejecting a vast quantity of the music that has a considerable vogue. If you sing, and are understood, in German, selection becomes easier, because the song writers of Germany have in the main kept a high ideal before them and have added fresh garlands to the finest poetry of their land. Of the masterpieces of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine you may have a choice of settings. Many English song writers, on the other hand, seem to regard any jingling verse as suitable for musical exposition. No one who takes a serious interest in art should become identified with some of the compositions of this class which could be instantly named. If your choice falls upon a piece with words that satisfy cultured feeling and literary taste, the music is likely to be refined and expressive, and all the chances are in favour of your singing it well.

The accompaniment, too, is a test both of musicianly perception and skill, and of conscientiousness. Having chosen a song of some merit, you will, doubtless, have an instrumental part to render which encloses no unimportant share of the composer's intention. There is a kind of vocalist who fancies the voice conceals all defects of the fingers, and who, consequently, slurs over the upper passages and wholly obliterates some of the work for the left hand. Another type is the singer who plays the accompaniment in a dogged, inflexible, expressionless style, and gallops through the interlude to reach the next verse.

Both are a trial to the nerves and to the temper of a musician. Doubtless you have not assented to the request of the hostess for a song without knowing how to make the piano insistent, yet not unduly emphatic, and the murmurs of satisfaction which will greet you as you retire may be prompted by more than conventional feeling. Such at least is the expectation of that somewhat rare individual,

A CANDID CRITIC.

ONE of the problems which puzzle a musician is how to strike a bee flat without getting stung by its demi-semiquaver.



## Roelant.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "Music Mad,"  
"Alasnam's Lady," &c.

"MYNEM NAEM IS ROELANT."

"Belgium, loving and beloved of bells. The wind that sweeps over her campagnas and fertile levels is full of broken but melodious whispers."—*Music and Morals*.

ONCE on a time, a great many years ago, an English officer drifted to a little obscure town in Belgium. Not very long before he had followed his regiment, he as brave a soldier as any man in it, to Quatre Bras and Ligny; had faced the foe on the misty plains at Waterloo, and had come out of the blood and wounds and death of that awful struggle, maimed, but yet alive, and not glad, as other men were, of the life that was given back from the very clutches of death—not glad, but sorry. The Black Horseman—for so they called him, seeing he was tall, dark, and gaunt, with eyes that gloomed from under bent brows, and that he rode a fiery black horse—the Black Horseman had lain for months in the hospital at Brussels, more than half dead of very glorious wounds, and yet, in spite of himself, coming back inch by inch to the life he did not prize. Long, long days passed; friendly comrades marched away, and strange troops marched in, but the Black Horseman valued as nothing at all the comings and goings, the doings of his regiment, or the praises that were linked with his name at home; for the matter of that, he never wished to hear that name again, and would be willing, for his part, to be known as the Black Horseman for the rest of his uncherished life.

So he lingered on in Brussels till the first sharp agony of loss and the first joy of victory were dulled; till the harvest was reaped; till the vividness of the picture painted in blood was a little dimmed and blurred before men's sickened vision, till peace followed strife, and thus, when the plains of Waterloo were green again, and joyous with another June's sun, he found himself in a little humdrum town that had escaped the scathe of battle and had never written the hazardous word "glory" in its annals.

A quiet, sleepy little place, awake only on market days, when it seemed to rouse itself with a start, and break out into sudden bleatings, cacklings, and bellowings, and a gay rumble of wheels; when there was butter and cheese sold by comely women sitting under big umbrellas, and fruit and onions, cakes and sweets, and very ugly, but no doubt serviceable, dress-stuffs, and everything, in short, that you could want to make the wheels of life run smoothly.

The Black Horseman always avoided the Place on market days—he never went near it at all, indeed, unless to cross it with his quick, impatient soldier's stride to reach the belfry that begins by leaning crookedly against the church and then springs up straight and independent as if it would carry the music of its peal right up to heaven. The simple people of the little town wondered when they saw the eccentric stranger disappear behind the low door. One, bolder than the rest, followed him, but only with his glances, and saw him vanish up the tortuous, worn steps, clank, clank, his firm tread and the click of his spurs falling fainter and fainter on the ear as he ascended. Up there in the tower sparingly pierced by a narrow slit of light, he would grope his way till he reached the gaunt, dim chamber which is the home of the bells.

This rough soldier loved the bells that hung and swung in the grey tower, he hardly knew why. Big deep Bourdon with its full, mellow note; St. Maria, that makes music for the sun's going and his coming again; Matthias, who

bears a famous founder's name; but most of all for old Roelant, the storm-bell, whose warning voice spoke from of old of tempest and danger, of fire, of war. Its old voice was cracked, as if the rich roundness of youth had gone out of it and a long tale of disaster had made it sad. It was rung in its later days for very peaceful uses—sometimes for the dead, sometimes to call the living to pray while there is time, sometimes even for joyous wedding feasts; but Roelant's voice, even at merry times, had always, for those who could hear it, a note of warning and almost of despair. I think that was why the Black Horseman loved it best—because it answered to his own life out of which the joy had been taken, and seemed, indeed, to be his own voice borne out to the world; for he, too, was Roland in the days when he had a name that sounded sweet on a woman's lips, and was not just Black Horseman—a "bogle" like Malbrook of old, to frighten little children out of their naughty fits.

The good people of the little sleepy town were proud that he should love their bells, though they did not understand him. The bells made all the poetry in their lives that might otherwise have been prosaic enough, what with buying and selling and sowing and reaping. Who shall deny it? More than two hundred years ago—when Purcell was making harmony in England, to which his Majesty Charles II. could "beat time;" when Allesandro Scarlatti cheered the heart of Naples' poor children by the music he wove into their hard lives; when Stradella, too, was fiddling and composing and making love to a Roman lady in that same city by the sea; when Stradiuarius, the inspired master of the Cremonese School, had solved the riddle of sound and given a voice and a soul to the violin for ever; when the glorious days of Bach and Handel, gifted to the world in the same year, were yet to come—the Belgian bell-maker had been patiently learning secrets too, and over the boiling cauldron full of a seething mass of metal, he had heard the whisper that, full and deep, exulting in its power, now sounds out from many an ancient tower, and is borne by the wind for miles and miles across the level country.

Germany, the sister-land, has her chamber-music, her church music, her glorious treasury of melody that belongs to all the world, but Flanders gives voice to her emotions in her carillons and her chimes. Who that has heard the midnight bell at Strasburg or the same voice at mid-day, as it lifts its notes high and clear above the traffic of the streets, or who that has listened to the silver shout of "Carolus," when it breaks its rare silence and sends a wave of sound floating away above all the Antwerp steeples, or the carillon from the same tower as it bursts in high, clear music above the precise, gay strains of the band in the square, and carries a dream of home, and wedding bells, and church-going in childish days to ships far out on the sea, can doubt the charm of the bells? The people loved them as we in our unmelodious England, with our tinkling chapel tinkle cannot understand love; but most of all Black Horseman Roland was drawn to his old namesake in the grey tower of the little town where he came to stay for a night, and stayed for a year.

At that time Antoine Zwager was keeper of the bells. It was whispered that Antoine was a hundred years old, and when you looked at his wrinkled, parchment face, and his dim eyes, you felt that for once tradition might speak truth. They said that he knew many strange secrets that were whispered by the bells, and that he could have told you, if he would, queer things that he had seen up there among the great rafters, thick with the dust of ages, where the bats made their homes. He was something of a bat himself, because he loved the darkness best; he spent his days up there with the creak

and click of the machinery and the thunder of the swinging clappers for the voices of friends, and the bats and rats, grown bold and venturesome, for his companions, and at night when some restless sleeper in the town below woke fitfully, and rose in his uneasiness to look out on the darkness, he would see a dim light burning with the twinkle of a red star in the belfry, and he knew that old Antoine was awake too, and holding strange converse with the bells.

"You had a brother once," said the Black Horseman to him one day; "you had a brother once to share your watch. Where is he now?"

"Dead these fifty years," old Antoine answered, his voice coming faint out of the ghostly twilight; "he sleeps in the churchyard below. I rang Roelant for him."

"Were you ever young?" asked the Black Horseman, "ever young enough to love a woman, old Antoine?"

"I loved a woman once;" it seemed to be the past that was speaking in the old man's voice, "and she said that she loved me."

"Ah," said the stranger, shortly, "they all say that."

"She was young and fresh and rosy cheeked. She has been dead these sixty years. We were to have been married one day, with St. Maria to ring our joy bells. She could never bear Roelant; she said he made her think of death and trouble; but she loved dainty silver-voiced Maria. But before our wedding-day came she went away with her people, far off to a city by a great river that flows to the sea. She was to grow rich and save money there, she said, and by-and-by I was to come for her. It is a city where they have a famous bell; Carolus they call it, because a king gave it them."

"Anvers," said the soldier; "it has a golden tongue, that bell."

"And she said," the old man went on, without heeding this interruption, "that when Carolus lifted his voice she would think of me. I was for ringing Roelant when she went away, for her going meant trouble to me, but she forbade me; she said it was an ugly omen, and she would go away to no music but the gay babble of St. Maria. So when I rang at sunset and at sunrise I made Maria sing her loudest and clearest. The people in the town below grumbled and said I woke them from their sweetest sleep; but when the sun dipped westwards on summer nights, and everybody sat outside, they used to look up with a smile, for they knew that Maria was taking a message for me across the plain. Anvers is a long way off, I suppose. For me, I have never travelled as far as my eye could see; but they tell me the bells can be heard for many leagues, and sometimes I fancied I could hear Carolus, coming like a whisper carried by the wind. Perhaps it was a fancy. I do not know."

"One day a man, a foreigner in our little town, came climbing up the stair to me here in the tower. It was dark, for it was near sunset, and I could not see his face, but I heard his voice."

"'Antoine Zwager,' he said, 'your Jeanne has forsaken you. She is married to an Anversois, the keeper of the Cathedral bells.'"

"Then I knew that that golden-tongued Carolus had wiled her away from me. That night St. Maria was silent, for I rang old Roelant long and loud. The people in the town came flocking out in alarm, and some of them came up the stairs to me. 'What is it, Antoine?' they asked, 'is it an enemy coming to besiege us, or fire or plague that you would warn us of?' But I only said, 'It is trouble, but it is far away and will not come near you.' And I rang louder and louder, for you see I wished trouble to come to the woman who had been faithless."

"Ah," groaned the soldier from his corner; "God help me, so did I."

"And sure enough trouble did come, for not



many months later the stranger appeared to me again at sunset.

"The man who married your Jeanne is dead," he said, "and she is lonely and poor, and the Anversois are in despair, for they say he could make Carolus sing like nobody else."

"That was how he won my Jeanne from me. Did I not know it? I rang Roelant right merrily that night, I tell you, for I was glad that he was dead."

"It may have been a year or more, or less, time is but summer and winter up here, but it was late, I know, and all the town was asleep when a soft step came up the stair, and my Jeanne stood in the doorway. She was all in white, and she had a baby in her arms."

"I am dying, Antoine," she said; "when I am dead will you forgive me and ring St. Maria for me? If you toll old Roelant I shall know that you have not forgotten, and I shall not rest in my grave."

"At first my heart was hard, for she had forsaken me, you see, and I was about to refuse; but she stood there so white and still, and the child in her arms was so still, too, and white, that I grew afraid, and then my heart softened and I said yes. I saw her no more after that, but I waited, for I knew the stranger would come again; and he did come, very soon."

"Jeanne is dead," he said, "and her baby, too, is dead."

"I bowed my head, because I knew it before he told me, you see. That night I rang St. Maria, though the sky was dark and a storm was brewing. And the people hurrying home looked up, and they said it was like angel music, and they crossed themselves, for it was eerie to hear Maria's silver fluting floating out on that dark sky. For me, when they had all gone home I crept down to the churchyard, and I thought of Jeanne sleeping in peace, far away by the river that flows to the sea. And that night the storm passed us by; that was sixty years ago."

Old Antoine stopped, and the soldier listening to him fell into a dream of his own, and that strange second self of which we are all conscious at times took possession of him, and made the ghostly tower, and the old ringer, and the vibrating bells themselves but a world of visions. He was the brave captain Roland, the hero of many fights, and the lover of a beautiful woman, and Maria was ringing his wedding peals. A dream of a dream. The next moment he started up. A yellow sunset glare stole in at the narrow slit and fell on old Antoine sleeping—old Antoine, whose love was sixty years dead and buried.

"Not Santa Maria, but Roelant for me!" he said, with a laugh that echoed harshly among the rafters and stirred the quivering bells to a tremulous sigh. "Old Roelant for me!"

The Black Horseman had been stiff with wounds when first he came, but now he was well again and able to bestride his big horse Midnight; Midnight and master were as one, and together they flew over miles and miles of that flat country, startling quiet people and little children as they went by in a flash. Often and often the soldier would hear the far away call of the chimes, playing out the hours, or of Bourdon, or Peter, or Maria, or those others that were nameless to him, and he would check his horse that he might shade his eyes and look towards the horizon where the grey tower stood up against the sky line. And in his heart he would thank Petrus Hemony, for they were familiar to him as the voices of friends. To those who have ears to hear they have always a message, those clear-tongued bells.

"Laude Dominum Omnes Gentes."

"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the name of the Lord."

The people of the town were used to the Black Horseman now, and to his wild, solitary rides, and

to his queer fancy for climbing the crooked belfry stair and sitting in the dust and darkness with the patriarch Antoine. He often questioned the old ringer about the past, for Antoine had seen many things from his tower. He could tell tales, too, of the bell founding in the noble dead and gone days when love and patience and skill beat out the music that for hundreds of years has been set to a people's joys and sorrows, hopes and fears; he spoke of the delicate tracery that cunning artist hands had woven round the big brazen domes, though they are hidden out of sight where no eye can see their beauty; of the separate message that each bore till it seemed to have a soul as well as a name, and to be a living voice telling its story to generation after generation; stories of love and hope, of death, of pardon and reconciliation. There was not a child in the little town below that could not have told you when Peter spoke, and when little Etienne, and when Maria, and of the tale each had to tell. A generous music, surely, not for the cultured few in concert hall or private chapel, but for all the town, rich and poor alike, and for the little hamlets, too, scattered over the plain. So the Englishman, who was still the nameless horseman to his Belgian townfolk, went more and more to the music tower and divided his life between that upper world and the plain beneath which he and Midnight scoured together.

One night when the birthday of a great battle had come round, and his thoughts were busy with that other second life that belonged wholly to the past, he rode slowly homewards over the level country. The afternoon was closing in dark and gloomy, with a threat of storm in the leaden, cloudy west. He was a long way from home, and the chimes tossing out their music from the belfry would not have reached his ear unless it had been keen and practised to hear them; they were, indeed, but "tiniest bells on the garment of silence." He had reached the white road that crawls dustily between sentinel poplars to the town, when before him he saw a travelling carriage borne toilsomely by tired horses over the weary leagues. The postillion cracked his whip and urged his slow team with exclamation and gesture, for he, too, saw the promise of tempest in the sky. The soldier measured at a glance the distance yet to be traversed, and felt that the travellers had but a bare chance of outracing the storm; his mind gave them but a passing moment, for he was busy with other thoughts, when suddenly a face was thrust out of the carriage window and a voice called in harsh command to the postillion.

Only a voice, only a face, seen dimly and then gone, but all the blood in the Black Horseman's body rioted about his heart; Midnight felt the thrill and quiver that went like a shock through his master, and with a plunge and a snort leaped on ahead, leaving the yellow carriage and the tired postillion far behind.

Many people, looking out of their windows, heard rather than saw the horseman clatter wildly up the street. Was he coming with ill news? There was something ominous and eerie in the black darkness, unbroken by St. Maria's silver pealing; men whispered to each other that the sky was full of portents; dread of battle, far more than the glory of victory, was on them still. Who could tell that the Hundred Days might not return again?

Soldier Roland sprang from Midnight's panting sides, and strode up the tower stair. Old Antoine sat in a corner asleep, Maria forgotten for once. The stranger shook him roughly by the shoulder. "Wake up, wake!" he cried, "and make Roelant speak."

"Is it war?" the old man asked confusedly, for he had slept remembering it was the birthday of a battle. "Is it an enemy coming?" While he spoke he involuntarily moved the creaking

wheel, and Roelant's warning note rang out to the first loud rumble of the thunder, and the first bright lightning gleam.

"My enemy is coming," said soldier Roland to himself, "my enemy whom I saved in battle that he might take my love from me. We met in storm; shall not I too, read omens in the sky? battle between him and me; deadly strife till one of us falls before the other. Before another sun sets Roelant shall ring for him or for me."

The tempest that broke upon that well-remembered day—lettered in red like blood—was worthy of the victory it commemorated. The deep-mouthed thunder rolled as if it would raze the old grey tower with its cannonading; the lightning played in bright sword flashes round its head. Storm without and storm within, to which the bells answered in a strange, tremulous, vibrating response; storm fiercest of all in one man's heart, set to Roelant's solemn tolling, calling on the people to watch and pray. For a long time the contest within the man was stronger than the elements without, and he only heard the thunder and the groaning of the timbers, and the creak and click of the machinery as a part of his own dire struggle. Thoughts of vengeance, of revenge, tore his heart, and filled him with hot desires and devices; but soldier Roland had miscalculated his strength for evil as we all mercifully do at times, and slowly, slowly, less cruel councils prevailed. Perhaps, who knows, in that strange year of exile the healing message of the bells had stolen all unawares into his heart with some whisper of Him "Whose mercy endureth for ever." "Praise Him," they sang, even through the storm. Could any black, revengeful heart do this?

The thunder besieging the grey tower in vain rolled off at last across the plain, the darkness passed, and the light came back; and with the calm of returning sunshine, and with St. Maria's joy bells that welcomed the new morning, Captain Roland's head sank between his hands, as he prayed, with a sob: "Great Pardoner of our sins, help me to forgive as I would be forgiven."

Several idle citizens of the little town saw the Black Horseman stride across the Place that morning, dusty and dishevelled, and as he got to the centre of it they saw him stop suddenly. They might well open their eyes, for it was a lady before whom the stranger—who had never been seen so much as to look at a woman—paused, as if rooted to the ground. A lady, and a young one, as you could tell by her back, and a pretty one, no doubt, though of that no one could be sure, as she wore a poke bonnet after the modest fashion of the times. But Black Horseman, looking down from his height, saw the face within, and something that he read there of tenderness in the eyes, perhaps, and gladness on the trembling mouth made his heart beat thickly in a wild tumult. Then crushing something back, and with the new day's prayer on his lips, he held out his hand gravely and kindly.

"I knew that you had come," he said; "you and your husband. I saw you last night. You escaped the storm?"

"My husband!" said the lady, and the face within the bonnet grew very white and startled. "My sister and her husband, you mean?"

"What!" thundered Captain Roland, grasping the little hand he held. The peeping heads behind the flowering plants drew back alarmed at the sound, and then they were pressed forward again; for had not the Black Horseman tucked the little hand under his arm and drawn the lady away—who knows where? What does it matter where, since all the world was a new-made paradise that day?

"He laughed and let me believe it was you he was about to marry," said the soldier, feeling that he had yet a deep score to settle with his old comrade in arms; "and as I had not spoken the word that would have claimed you, what



could I do but believe him, and curse him in my heart, God forgive me!"

"You should have believed only me, Roland. Perhaps he misunderstood; perhaps he did not love you, being less brave and true. And I think we were plighted, in spite of the unspoken word."

"And you came here?" he asked, some time later.

"We did not find you at Brussels, and" (she hung her head) "I wanted to see the scenes where the bravest soldier and the best man I knew had done his duty so well that all England was busy with his name."

Above his joy, above his love, I think soldier Roland was glad of that prayer with which this most happy day had begun.

Towards sunset he crossed the Place alone to climb once more to the belfry. It was near the hour when St. Maria should lift up her voice, and he was saying to himself that old Antoine should ring the joy peals for his wedding after all. But it was not St. Maria that broke on the still air in one long wailing note that made the passers-by look up in fear and wonder if last night's storm were returning. The soldier climbed the stair hastily. "You are dreaming, old Antoine," he said, seeing the bent crouching figure dimly, "not Roelant to-night, but St. Maria, for the storm is over and gone. Antoine, old Antoine, are you weary with the long night's watch, and sleeping that you do not answer?"

Yes! old Antoine was asleep, not to wake any more—asleep, with the whispering bells above him.

The good people of the little town said after that, that nobody could make melody out of the bells like old Antoine, who knew all their secrets. Then they found out that Roelant was cracked and had lost its rich note, and they said that it must be recast and come out sweet and gracious as before.

So through the fire old Roelant went, as soldier Roland too, had gone, as we must needs all go if the music of our lives is to have any abiding place in men's hearts and memories.

A SHORT time ago an itinerant band was playing a slow, mournful air, when suddenly they changed their note, and with all their might struck up "See the Conquering Hero Comes!" The people looked round in surprise for the cause, but they could see nothing except a distiller's dray with a puncheon of whisky on it.

HIS DELICATE MUSICAL MISSION.—"Does yer ole man work on the dock now?"

"N-a-a-w. He is a musician."

"Is he the man that swallys the clarinet in the band?"

"N-a-a-w; he don't swally the clarinet in the band. He stands on the sidewalk and keeps time with his fut."—*Texas Siftings.*

A SHORT time since a Rockland household was made proud and happy by the introduction of a cabinet organ. The mother could play a little, and as there was a "popular collection of music" included in the purchase, she lost no time in getting every note and stop into practice. The organ groaned and wheezed, and complained with the most astonishing of music, night and day, day and night, for a week. Then one morning there was a knock at the door, and a little girl from the next house shrilly said—

"Please, marm, mother wants to know if you won't lend her your music book?"

This was a surprising request, inasmuch as the woman next door was known to be organless. After gasping once or twice, the amateur organist asked—

"What does she want of it?"

The child hadn't been loaded for this question, so she straightforwardly replied—

"I don't know, I'm sure, only I heard mother tell father that if she had hold of the book for a day or two mebbe somebody could get a rest."

The woman softly shut the door in the little girl's face, and went and carefully locked the cabinet organ with a brass key.



*In order to stimulate the literary, musical, and artistic activities of our readers, we propose to offer from month to month a series of prizes for the best examples of one or other form of composition.*

#### MUSICAL NOVELETTE.

*Fifty Guinea Piano, patent Sostenente, by Brinsmead, will be given as a prize for the best Musical Novelette, either original or selected, with at least six musical quotations, from any source, which seem most fully to express in the language of music the ideas or situations contained in the story. The Novelette should not exceed in length two or three pages of the "Magazine of Music." If selected, the source must be fully stated. The musical quotations should be kept within four bars each; and the works from which they are taken and the composers' names must be accurately given. Pieces in competition should be written on one side of the paper, and must reach the Editor not later than 15th February, for announcement in March Number.*

#### SONG.

*Ten Guineas are offered for a song. This is meant to induce our readers who are also song-writers, to aim at a high standard of excellence. The prize will only be given to a production the words of which are held to satisfy the requirements of poetic feeling, lyrical movement, and technical accuracy; and the character of the pianoforte part will be regarded as of quite as much importance as the voice part. The following verses, entitled "Eldorado," may be used, but these are given here simply to obviate any difficulty of intending competitors in finding suitable words. Competitors have the utmost freedom as to the words they select for setting, so long as these are non-copy-right, the words and music of the song necessarily becoming the property of the "Magazine of Music." Twenty-five copies of the April Supplement containing the prize song will be forwarded to the successful competitor. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor not later than 10th March. MS. should be sent flat, not rolled.*

*The prize will be re-announced if no piece lodged by the time specified is held to be of sufficient merit.*

#### Eldorado.

Far off, far off the purple towers  
Lie low along the golden west,  
Too far, too fair for faith of ours  
To prompt us to their hopeless quest;  
Yet clear in sunless hours of dream  
The great sun-smitten bulwarks gleam;

And lifting up sad, sullen eyes

That ache with ceaseless toil and shadow,  
We see once more in distant skies  
Thy splendid gladness, Eldorado.

Far off! But yet we gaze, and dream

How dear to us in our despair,  
To think behind the clouded gleam  
Some painless, perfect rest were there!

For life's low sob some glorious song,  
Some lasting triumph over wrong;  
But still there drift athwart the light

Wide moaning waves of wind and shadow;  
The walls are rent, and floods of night  
Whelm thy pale turrets, Eldorado.

MORTIMER WHEELER.

#### VOCAL WALTZ.

*Three Guineas will be given for the best Vocal Waltz. It must not exceed, when printed, six full pages of this magazine. The following words from Prize Song may be used:—*

*"Oh, can it be but a dream of the night,  
Filling and thrilling my heart with delight,  
Only to fade when the morning shall rise?  
Then let me die with the dream in mine eyes."*

*Competitors may select other words, so long as they are non-copy-right. Those using words given above are not to adapt the refrain set to them by the prize-winners of the song "Princess of Thule," published in this number.*

*Twenty-five copies of the March Supplement, containing the Prize Waltz, will be forwarded to the successful composer. Pieces in competition must reach the Editor, as above, not later than February 10th. MS. should be sent flat, not rolled.*

#### ILLUSTRATED POEM.

*Three Guineas is offered for the best illustrations of a poem. The words are to be wrought into the sketch so as to form a full illustrated page of the size of the Magazine. Intending competitors should send a stamped and addressed envelope for the words. The illustrations in competition should reach the Editor not later than 10th March, for announcement in the April Number.*

#### COMPETITION FOR READERS UNDER EIGHTEEN YEARS OF AGE.

##### HYMN TUNE AND CHANT.

*One Guinea is offered for the best Common Metre Hymn Tune and Single Chant. MS. should reach the Editor not later than April 5th. The Tune and Chant necessarily become the property of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. Ten copies of the May Number, containing the Prize Tune and Chant, will be forwarded to the successful competitor.*

*The above conditions are subject to modification up to last issue of this magazine prior to closing of competition. The Editor cannot undertake to notice any communications from competitors.*



## An Interview with Mr. F. H. Cowen.

**D**URING his recent visit to Scotland, Mr. F. H. Cowen was interviewed by one of the representatives of *The Glasgow Evening News and Star*. The opinions advanced by him are interesting both to the musical public and general reader:—

After touching lightly on everyday topics, Mr. Cowen mentioned that he had travelled in America some years ago, but, as his visit was purely a pleasure one, he had not encountered the interviewer. "At present," Mr. Cowen said, "I am only engaged on the cantata entitled 'The Sleeping Beauty,' for the next Birmingham Festival, and on a new symphony which I promised to Richter for next summer, if I can possibly get it finished in time. That is about enough for a winter's work. Of course, I have several other things in view, but their execution lies as yet in the distant future."

### THE NEW SYMPHONY

will not have any national elements or characteristics about it. As to the title, I have not yet made up my mind whether I shall give it a title or not. I, of course, could not presume to write a 'Scotch' Symphony. There has been a great deal of controversy about my 'Welsh' Symphony, but I stick to my own opinion—that it is decidedly Welsh in character, especially in the last movement. Of course, there is no 'programme music' about it, as in the 'Scandinavian' Symphony—no definite tone-pictures. It is simply the characteristics of the themes, which have a Welsh turning. As to the prospects of

### ENGLISH OPERA,

I think, and I believe it to be the general opinion, that it will not be more than a few years—perhaps from five to ten years at the most—when we shall have a permanent English opera in England, and when Italian opera will be quite a thing of the past. In fact, I don't see, even now, why, if English opera were established in London for, say, eight or nine months in the year, on the same scale and style as Italian opera has been produced there—that is, if the very best artistes could be induced to sing in English opera, and with an orchestra and chorus like that engaged for Italian opera—I don't see why it should not pay handsomely. This, of course, involves the question of price. Now, I would not have opera of any kind at high prices to the public. Opera-going is no longer the fashionable amusement it was. The day is past for that. If English people, and Scotch too, could be got to believe that a 'star,' or so-called 'star,' is by no means necessary to the success of opera, it would be very much better generally for our art. I don't mean to say that I object to 'stars' personally, but it is, I think, matter for regret that there should be any such people as 'stars.' When the English people can be got to believe that a good all-round company is infinitely preferable to a company composed of a 'star' artiste and a lot of mediocrities, then the high salaries paid to prime-donné will be done away with. A manager would then have some inducement offered him to place opera properly on his stage. I may say that as soon as my cantata is finished I think seriously of writing an opera, although it is very doubtful under present circumstances, which I need not particularise, whether I shall get it performed for the first time in England. As a libretto, I have two or three subjects in my mind, but have not yet fixed as to which I shall choose." The subject of the lowering of the

### MUSICAL PITCH

was then introduced. On this point Mr. Cowen remarked—"I don't consider that the present pitch is too high, nor do I think that it is wearing out on the voice. The difficulty, in my opinion, could easily be solved, so far as future compositions are concerned, by composers writing them a little lower. But what might be gained by the singer in that case would be more than lost in the brilliancy of tone. Moreover, in the event of a change of the pitch, the whole range of wind instruments would require to be altered—a change which it would take a good number of years to effect. As to the effect of the lowering of the pitch upon existing compositions, Wagner's work would certainly suffer most, as he depends for his best effects upon the upper register of his vocalists and instruments."

The subject of musical progress in Glasgow was then adverted to, when Mr. Cowen stated that, in his opinion, Glasgow had within recent years undoubtedly advanced in its appreciation of good music. With respect to a

### TRIENNIAL GLASGOW FESTIVAL,

Mr. Cowen said:—"I have often thought about the practicability of having a Musical Festival in Glasgow, and I don't see any reason why a Triennial Festival could not be organised in Glasgow as well as anywhere else. You have plenty of energetic men in Glasgow, and plenty of money. You simply want to start the thing a certain number of stewards who would work it up for a year or two. As to a chorus, I feel sure you could obtain an efficient number of singers by picking the best voices from the Glasgow choral societies and those in the surrounding district. You don't want more than five or six hundred good voices. The only drawback that I see to the scheme is the size of the only available hall—St. Andrew's Hall. I am not sure, but I am afraid that, after allowing room for chorus and band, there would not be more than accommodation for a comparatively small festival audience. This would mean high prices, and that again would militate against the success of the adventure. In organising a festival the great thing is to find energetic stewards, or committee-men, as they are called with you. In Birmingham, as soon as one festival is over, they begin to work up the next one, and they are at it the whole three years."

The next subject of conversation was Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's

### "ROSE OF SHARON."

Mr. Cowen remarked:—"You ask if the 'Rose of Sharon' is not properly an opera in the disguise of an oratorio. I don't think so, and I think the composer was perfectly correct and consistent when he called it a 'dramatic oratorio.' As to the merits of the work, I don't mind admitting that I consider it to be the very best work of the class that has been produced by a British composer."

### ENGLISH PIANOFORTE PLAYERS.

"When you ask me to name the best English pianist, I find myself quite as puzzled on the subject as Sir George Grove was the other day. Unfortunately, English pianists suffer under the disadvantage of never being allowed to come to the front. I think there is a good deal of talent amongst our pianists, and I certainly think that if some of them could afford to go abroad for a few years and make a reputation for themselves, it would be the means of making them much better appreciated in their own country. It is unfortunate, but quite true, that English people do not appreciate their own prophets until they have been told by other nations that they ought to. Personally I have nothing to complain of in the reception accorded to me in my own country;

but I can't help feeling that my success on the Continent has added largely to my success at home."

In answer to the question as to the measure of success which had in his opinion been attained by the endowment of the Royal College of Music, Mr. Cowen stated very properly that the success of an institution like the Royal College of Music was not to be gauged by the number of pupils turned out, but by their quality—a fact which could only be ascertained after the lapse of some years.

### MR. COWEN'S SONGS.

As to his songs, Mr. Cowen said:—"My most popular songs are 'It was a Dream,' and 'The Better Land.' As regards sale, they have proved to be equally popular. My best song, or, I should say, songs are contained in an album which I published recently. They are entitled 'Because,' 'Lullaby,' 'Fantasia,' 'A Little While,' 'Outcry,' and 'Think of Me.' Of course, they are each written on very different lines. They are not 'royalty ballads,' which, unfortunately, I am compelled to write. I shall be very glad when the day comes—and it is not far distant—when I shall not be called upon to write another so-called 'royalty' song. But as I don't teach, and as there is no money to be made out of writing symphonies, I am obliged to write the songs. I have endeavoured in these six songs, and in other three albums of six published earlier, to raise the tone of English lyrics, and for that reason I gave my song recital in March last, when about twenty-four of my songs were produced. I think the whole system of 'royalty' songs is a mistake, although, frankly, I make money by it. You see, every little singer has his or her small song, which the publishers pay him or her to sing; and there is no doubt that in this way an immense amount of rubbish has been brought into the market. But there is no help for it until the whole body of vocalists form a league to suppress the system. The custom has further, in my opinion, tended to lower the taste of a very large portion of the musical public of England. You see, we have no music-publishing firm in this country—with scarcely any exception—that is willing to publish more serious works for the sake of the art, where no immediate return is to be obtained. That is the grand handicap of art in England."

"You ask me for my opinion of the principal vocalists on the concert and operatic stages at the present day. Well, candidly, I would prefer not to say anything about that, as I don't think it is right for any one member of the profession to criticise his brothers or sisters in art."

"I think the prospects of music in Britain are very bright! but as I am one of those on whom the prospect is supposed to depend, I scarcely feel at liberty to enlarge upon this subject. I think that the appreciation of good music is rapidly spreading amongst the minority. Those people who are fond of an English ballad are hardly likely to be entertained by a Beethoven symphony. The splendid audiences who turn out to the Glasgow and Edinburgh concerts have long since opened my eyes to the fact that in Scotland, at any rate, there is a growing appreciation for the best classical music on the part of the middle class of society."

"Now, before you go away," said Mr. Cowen, "I should like to say how gratified and pleased I was at my reception by the Glasgow Society of Musicians. I should very much like to see the example of the musicians of Glasgow, in forming themselves into what I may term a corporate body, followed in London and other large centres, as I know that it supplies a want which has been long felt amongst us. Nothing, I feel sure, could do more for the advancement of the cause of music throughout the land."





**CANTUS,**  
Songs and Fancies,  
To Three, Four, or  
Five Parts,  
Both apt for Voices and Viol.

With a brief Intro-  
duction to Musick.

As is taught in the Mu-  
sic-School of Aberdeen.

The Third Edition, much  
Enlarged and Corrected.

Printed in ABERDEEN, by JOHN FORBES,  
and are to be sold at his Printing-House above the Meal-  
Market, at the Sign of the TOWN-ARMS. 1682.

## A Gossip About an Old Volume.

SIMMONS and I had just finished our second pipe. The period of the evening known in the "Land o' Cakes" as "elders' hours" had hardly arrived. There was yet, then, time for another whiff of our favourite mixture, and, consequently, a fresh exchange of verbal cudgels. Amongst other odd volumes, there lay on the table that old-world curiosity yclept "Forbes's Cantus." It had hitherto, strange enough to say, escaped the learned Simmons's lynx eye. He knew well Mace, and Playford, and Lampe, and Dowland, and a score or two such like worthies. But "Forbes"—well, my friend had only a hazy notion that such an individual was in any way identified with the musical art. The little volume (it is less than the size of your hand, my Editor) was reverently handed across the table, and its antique title-page at once arrested the attention of my visitor. Here you have a copy which a friend has obligingly drawn, and expressly for the heading of my little gossip. Simmons was evidently absorbed with the original. When he takes off his *pince-nez* the occasion is of some importance.

There is an air of business about the proceeding which you cannot possibly mistake, and, until his customary overture is duly coughed, it were vain to hazard an observation. At length he delivers himself of the opening recitatives. They take the form of a wholesale series of interrogatories, involving alarming enough queries anent the history of the musical art in Scotland, the musical type of bygone days, the music school in the Granite City, and the man John Forbes himself, etc.

Well, just at present I am only concerned with the work of the industrious citizen of Bon-Accord, who gave to the world the only collection of secular music published in Scotland in the seventeenth century. It passed through three editions (1662, 1666, 1682), and the whole "get up" shows how much the printer was indebted to the Middleburgh Psalter.

"Was Forbes a musician?" queried Simmons,

seeing that I meant to strictly limit the scope of his investigation. I could hardly say that the compiler of the "Cantus" merited this distinction. "What, then, does it all mean?"

Time was circumscribed, and so is the space of the MAGAZINE OF MUSIC. Hence what my friend termed "it" was disposed of after something like the following fashion:—

Forbes was a printer and stationer, who plied his trade to, apparently, excellent advantage. He was the earliest publisher, north the Tweed, of an almanack. It dates from 1677; the name he gave it was "New Prognostications." 50,000 copies were generally issued, and the price was a plack, or one-third of an English penny. Of all the teachers attached to the Aberdeen "Sang School" (they included amongst other able instructors, Louis de France, "the scholler of the famous musician, M. Lambert") Thomas Davidson was not the least remarkable. About the year 1640 he assumed office, and signalled his reign by producing the original of what is now known as "Forbes's Cantus." Davidson is, thus, the real author of the "brief introduction" referred to in the title-page of the work. Forbes was simply the printer and publisher, and in his capacity of compiler he has added a collection of songs, etc. These include Morley's old ballet, "Now is the month of Maying," John Dowland's "Awake, sweet love," "Will said to his Mammie," and "The gowans are gay, my Jo," the last-named being the only ditty claiming kin with Scottish music pure and simple. By the way, Simmons, Davidson's experience of harmony was not invariably a "concord of sweet sounds." During his tenure of office riot held high jinks, for, on one occasion, "the scholars rose against their masters, seized the sang school, and held it by force of arms for three days." So says an extract from the Town Council Register.

Strange as it may appear, the compiler ignored Scottish melodies, the verses, though mainly from the pens of Scott and Montgomery, having been set, generally speaking, to the music of English composers. The tunes were, as will be noticed, arranged for three, four, and five voices, but the soprano part was alone published. The spirit of the times can hardly be said to have erred on the side of gaiety, and hence it is easy to account for the grave, dull, and sombre type of melody to be

met with throughout the work. Puritanism still lurked in many a breast, yet, sure enough, the taste of the day was not invariably austere, and thus it came to pass that in one edition, at any rate, Forbes allowed his fancy pretty free play. Hence, probably, the pawkiness of the desire that the work should be found "most pleasant and delightful for all humours."

Some folks, do you know, aver that our National Anthem makes its first appearance in the "Cantus." True, in "Remember, O thou man," a few bars suggest a similarity; but, as Dauneey observes, the "coincidence is not such as to establish identity."

Simmons at this point coughed another overture, and his apologetic back hair seemed to rise to the occasion. He has National Anthem on the brain, and as I had rashly given him the ghost of an innings, my tribulation was great.

"Have it out with Cummings when you go up to town to-morrow," I stammered, in my desperation. The reference to the esteemed musician's well-known "God save the King" papers promptly mollified my polemical visitor, and, pulling out his chronometer, he remarked that he had just a minute wherein to hear something anent Forbes's "dedication." Well, it is certainly a droll production, but I am inclined to think that Dauneey is somewhat rough upon it. It must be remembered that quaint and curiously-compounded methods of expression were common to the age—"bombastic" in many instances, if you will.

However, let the jocose Aberdeen printer speak for himself. Premising that his little volume is dedicated to the "Lord Provost, Bailies, and the Rest of the Honorable Counsell of the City of Aberdeen," Forbes describes Bon-Accord as "the Sanctuary of Sciences; the Manse of the Muses and Nurserie of all Arts. Yea, the Fame of this City for its admirable Knowledge in this Divine Science hath almost Overspread whole Europe; witness the great Confluence of all sorts of Persons from each Part of the same, who of design have come (much like that of the Queen of Sheba) to hear the cheerful Psalms and Heavenly Melody of Famous Bon-Accord, whose hearts have been ravished with the Harmonious Concord thereof."

Then follows a homily on the power of the art, and a pawky dissertation on the kings, queens, and princes who "did extoll Musick so much." The Ancient Britons, Kings Alfred and Edward VI. Queen Elizabeth, and King James of "Blessed Memorie," having been faithfully immortalised, honest John had evidently reserved himself for the peroration. And here is his closing effort:—"Now, seeing it hath pleased Divine Providence, in the Persons of your Honorable Wisdoms to Bless the Bench of Famous Bon-Accord with such a Harmonious Heavenly Concert of as many Musicians as Magistrates: He hath therefore made bold to Present your Hs. with this present Edition, solemnly Engageing, that as It received Its first origin from Bon-Accord, and Its present Growth from your Goodness, so It should Period Its Stature with your Pleasure. That so your Hs. Obedient Servant, who hath still made it His resolute Purpose, and constant Resolution, to sail all Winds, and scruce up the weak Parts which Nature hath bestowed upon Him: that so, at least, with the Ephesian Bee, He might Contribute His little Wax, and silly Bumb, to the Hyve of Famous Bon-Accord's Common Well. Admit then this poor Present to your Hs. Favorable Acceptance. Its Breath and Being depends on your Brow, whether It shall be smothered in the Birth or view the Publick under your Hs. Patrocinie."

That night a hard-boiled egg and toast-cheddar had much to answer for. Simmons, you know, abides with his douce old maiden aunt, and she afterwards told me how her revered "oe" made the silent watches eerie.



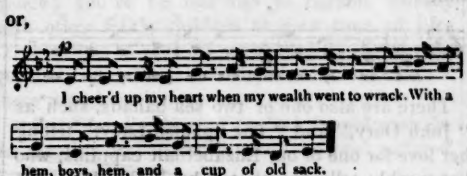
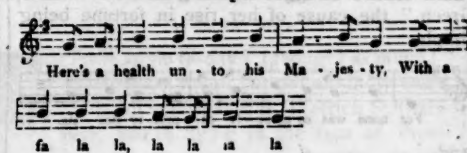
## The National Music of England.\*

"**M**ERRIE England" was the name of our country in the olden time, and "merrie," indeed, it was. Not a village but had its maypole, not a parish but had its own piper or fiddler. The very monks caught the contagion of merriment, and it is on record that they were often rebuked for singing the service in what their superiors considered too sprightly a fashion. Life in "Merrie England" was, no doubt, much harder in many ways than it is now, but it was at least relieved with a dash of jollity, which is missing in the England of to-day. In "Merrie England" the heartiness of their amusements gave even the King and the cobbler a common ground of sympathy.

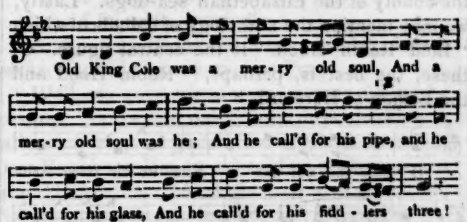
This characteristic jollity has left its stamp upon the national music of England. According to an old Latin proverb, presumably of French origin—"Gallus cantat, Anglus jubilat, Hispanus plangit, Germanus ululat, Italus caprizat,"—"A Frenchman sings, an Englishman carols, a Spaniard wails, a German howls, an Italian frisks." The epithet "carols," although possibly not intended as complimentary, seems fitly to characterise the prevailing cheerfulness of English music. Of course, melancholy tunes are met with in English song. While to Henry VIII. we ascribe the merry "King's Ballad"—"Pass-time with good companie, I love, and shall until I die,"—his unhappy Queen, Anne Boleyn, is believed to have composed the still extant dirge, "Oh, death! rock me to sleep." Again, we are told that "all our joys are but toys, idle thoughts deceiving; none hath power of an hour, of his life bereaving." But such exceptions only bring into stronger relief the bright tone of nearly all our old English tunes, minor no less than major. Even when such melancholy reflections occur, as they do occasionally, they are made to point a different moral, that of "Gather ye rosebuds, while ye may." The village swains sing in chorus, "Now is the month of maying, when merry lambs are playing, with a fa-la-la-la-la-la-la, with a fa-la-la-la-la," and bid "Joan to the maypole haste away," or like Old King Cole, that "jolly old soul," who "Called for his pipe, and called for his glass, And called for his fiddlers three;" they "Dance and sing and make good cheer, for Christmas comes but once a year," and "drive the cold winter away," drinking "Joan's new ale," and singing "Begone, full care," or "Here's a health unto his Majesty, with a fa-la-la-la-la-la." There were many in "Merrie England" like "the old man of Waltham Cross," who "cheer'd up his heart when his goods went to wrack, with a hem, boys, hem, and a cup of good sack." We seem to hear the crack of the huntsman's whip in "Hunting the Hare"—the "Carman's Whistle," too; and the song of the "Merry Milkmaids" have come down to us. What can be more cheerful than "Dulce domum," the "Home, sweet home" of the English schoolboys of old? "Phillis on the new-made hay" calls up the pleasant picture of love-making in a country meadow; but the love-songs of "Merrie England" do not possess that intense ardour which marks those of Scotland or Ireland. The slighted suitor simply asks, "Shall I, wasting in despair, Die because a woman's fair," instead of "laying him down to

dee," like the despairing lover of Annie Laurie. The general feeling is "Love me little, love me long," and this is perhaps the best.

The music of these songs is as lively as the words. What for example could be blither than



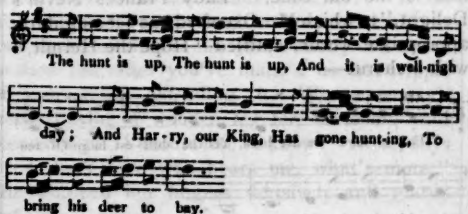
That minor tunes need not be pathetic appears in "Old King Cole."



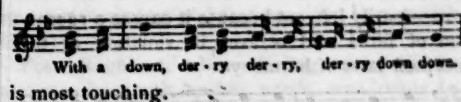
This cheerfulness, passing frequently into hilarity, is the first thing that strikes us on examining a collection of English national music. The impression is analogous to that produced by reading the works of the objective Chaucer, who, leaving to others the doubtful and difficult problems of the soul, paints the beauty of the outer world with the brush of an artist.

We are also struck with the great wealth of the "Treasury of English Song." Some writers, notably Dr. Burney, have alluded to the "circumscription" of English national music, but their remarks can only have been founded on ignorance. Modern research has shown that England can challenge comparison with other countries as regards the extent and range of her national music. We are possessed of a number of very early collections of English music, published both in this country and on the Continent, where English music (especially dance music) was much appreciated, and we are thus enabled to fix with absolute certainty the latest date of a large number of very ancient tunes. Moreover, the early publication of these collections has doubtless preserved to us many tunes which, if simply transmitted from mouth to mouth, as in other countries, might not have survived.

We are fortunate enough to be able to assign with certainty a number of tunes to the reign of Henry VIII., who, himself an enthusiastic musician, encouraged the practice of music at his Court. Of these, the most striking is "The hunt is up," composed by one of the Court musicians named Gray.



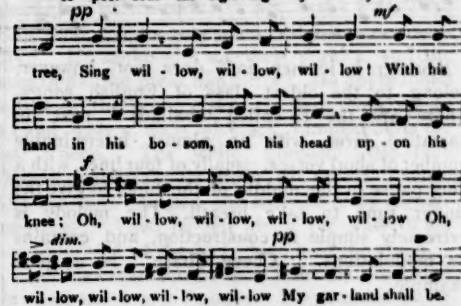
Another is a sea song, "John Dory," telling how John Dory "upon a holy tide-a" sailed out into the English Channel to capture English ships, and was captured himself by Nicol, the Cornishman. A third is the plaintive ballad of "The Three Ravens," which gives a picture of a slain knight defended by his faithful hawks from the ravens waiting to devour him. The refrain—



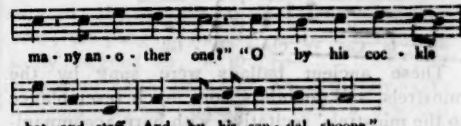
is most touching. Among the very large number of tunes which we can assign to the sixteenth century, those used or referred to by Shakespeare are perhaps the most interesting. The two spirited dance tunes, "Greensleeves" and "Heartsease," are alluded to by Shakespeare, who also refers to the peculiar tune "Peg-a-Ramsay."



In "Othello" Desdemona sings an old ballad with the striking refrain of "O willow, willow."



"And how should I your true love know From ma-ny an-o-ther one?" "O by his coc-kle hat and staff, And by his san-dal shoone."



In the case of "Mistress mine" ("Twelfth Night"), and "It was a lover and his lass" ("As You Like It"), we appear to have the original music set to Shakespeare's words. Both these songs are exquisitely beautiful, the latter with a charming refrain, "With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny no, and a hey nonny no ni no."

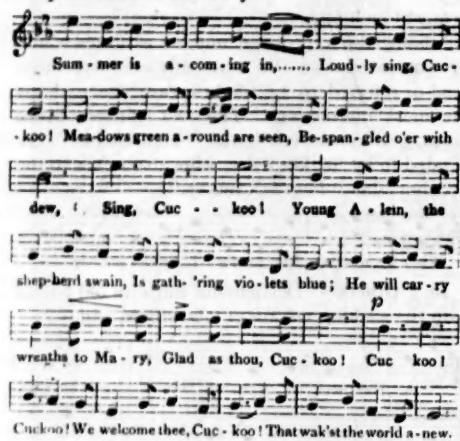


The earliest tune of which we can absolutely give the date is "Sumer is icumen in," a canon (rota), or round for four voices, with a droning burthen or undersong for two basses, written by John of Fornsete, a monk in the Abbey of Reading, in the year 1225. This most remarkable composition evinces a considerable knowledge of harmony which must, it is believed, have attained a much higher development in England at that time than on the Continent. The air is sweet and flowing, of a pastoral character, and the interweaving of the voice parts in the round most ingenious. "Sumer is icumen in" has been performed in the concert room, the burthen being somewhat

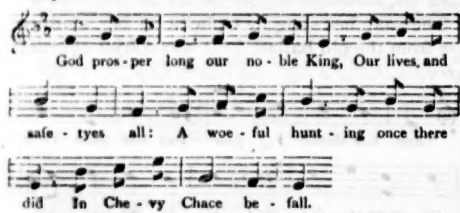
\* We have to acknowledge our obligations to Dr. Rimbauld's "Byways of Musical History," and to Mr. William Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." The illustrations in the Supplement are taken from Chappell's "Old English Ditties."



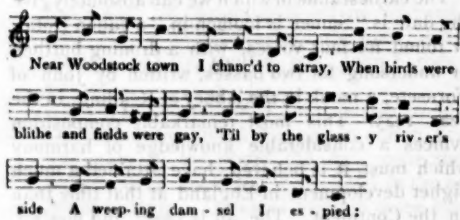
unnecessarily left out because it causes a succession of fifths and octaves in violation of the accepted laws of harmony.



"Sumer is icumen in" does not, however, belong to the oldest class of English songs. There are the so-called "ballads" cast in narrative form, with an almost interminable number of short verses, usually of four lines, with a long pause in the middle of the tune, to give the singer time to take breath. The melody is extremely simple in construction, and contains no modulations. "Chevy Chase" is a good example.



These ancient ballads were sung by the minstrels, and doubtless bore much resemblance to the minstrels' recitative, with harp accompaniment, in which English popular music is believed to have had its origin, the silly myth which derives it from the ecclesiastical plain-chant having been long since exploded. We feel instinctively that the tunes are neither fiddle tunes (like the country dances) nor bagpipe tunes (like the hornpipes), but were intended to be sung merely with the accompaniment of a few occasional chords on the harp, to sustain the voice. The minstrels were very popular throughout the Middle Ages, and enjoyed high consideration. We may mention, as showing the elaborate organisation of the craft, the fact that in 1381 John of Gaunt established a "Court of Minstrels" at Tutbury in Staffordshire, with a legal jurisdiction over all the minstrels of the five adjacent counties. The invention of printing made the people to a great extent independent of minstrels, and they quickly disappeared. It is probable that many extant ballads were genuine minstrel tunes of great antiquity, although it would be hazardous to affirm this of any given tune. There seems, however, good reason to believe that a ballad, still extant, on the Battle of Agincourt, "Our king went forth to Normandie," was contemporary with the event, and there are grounds for attributing equal or greater age to the love ballad "Near Woodstock town."

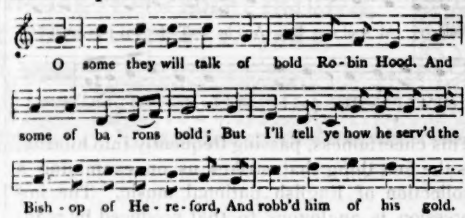


Another old love ballad is "Barbara Allan," and so, doubtless, is "The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington," although it may be curious to note

that the air was only reduced to writing by Dr. Rimbault some thirty years since, from the singing of a Derbyshire peasant. Then we have two ballads on the elevation to wealth and rank of "The Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green," the cause of her rise in fortune being simple.



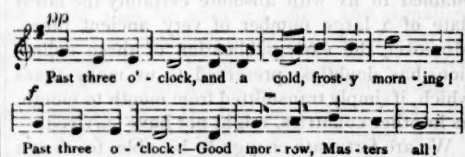
There are also one or two sea ballads, such as "John Dory," and "The Spanish Lady," telling her love for one of our Elizabethan captains, who honourably tells her that "he in England has already a sweet woman to his wife." "The Spanish Lady" is still popular in Devonshire, the county of the Elizabethan sea-dogs. Lastly, we may mention the anthology of ballads of which "Bold Robin Hood" is the central figure. Of these, the best is, perhaps, "Robin Hood and the Bishop of Hereford."



Among more elaborate melodies we notice a class of a smooth and flowing character, including such tunes as "Oh, Mistress mine," "Once I lov'd a maiden fair," "Early one morning," "Love me little, love me long," "Dulce domum," and "Phyllis on the new-made hay." Lullabies, of which we have one or two beautiful specimens, such as



come under this class, and we may here notice the smooth refrain of the song of the "London Waitts"—



There is another class of a much brisker character, including that rattling old sea-song, "The Mermaid," with its jolly refrain, "While we jolly sailor-boys were up, up aloft, and the land-lubbers lying down below, below, below." Of this class, too, is the old tune, "Lady Frances Nevill's Delight," to which Mr. Oxenford has set singularly appropriate words, entitled "Hope the Hermit," with a chorus—

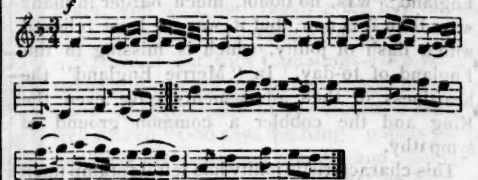


So were the party-songs of the old Cavaliers—"When the King enjoys his own again," and "Here's a health unto his Majesty."

"Merrie England" was a country of dancers, and we hear of galliards, pavins, morris dances, reels, jigs, hornpipes, and country dances. Galliards, pavins, and morris dances were imported

from abroad, and of these the morris dance alone enjoyed very considerable popularity. The terms "reel" and "jig" in old English music appear to be somewhat elastic, and do not seem to have the definite and precise meaning of the Irish jig or the Scotch reel. Whatever was the nature of the old English reels and jigs, it is certain that they went out of fashion, and that Scotch and Irish collections were enriched with numbers of the discarded tunes, which were henceforth looked upon as indigenous in the land of their adoption.

The characteristic English dances are the hornpipe and the country dance. The measure of the hornpipe as now danced is too well known to need illustration; but it may be well to give a specimen of the oldest form of the dance, which was in triple time, "The Cobbler's Hornpipe."



The now obsolete hornpipe, from which the dance derived its name, was a sort of clarinet or bassoon tipped with horn at both ends. The instruments used in the country dance were the bagpipe, for which Lincolnshire seems to have been specially noted, and the fiddle. The bagpipe, the influence of which may be seen in a number of tunes with a droning accompaniment, ultimately took its way northwards, but the fiddle remained, and it would be hard to find music for which the "king of instruments" is better adapted than the crisp measures of an English country dance. The country dance is distinctively English—the very name of "The Hay-makers," the most popular form of the dance at the present day, seems to carry us back to the old rustic jollity of "Merrie England," among Harry and Joan, and Willie and Sue. The country-dance furnished the music for a very large number of sprightly songs, such as "Hunting the hare," "Begone, dull care," and "Christmas comes but once a year" (Greensleeves.) The ordinary time of a country-dance is six-eighths, although, occasionally, as in the case of "Sir Roger de Coverley," we meet with nine eighths, the time commonly found in Irish jigs.

A great change came over "Merrie England" with the rise of Puritanism. The very name disappears in the early part of the seventeenth century, and England is henceforth known simply as "old England." We would not for a moment deny that Puritanism has in the main been a power for good, but there can be no doubt that its influence has in one respect been distinctly detrimental. With the merriment of "Merrie England" the grim Puritan had no sympathy, and he did his best to crush it, looking upon the maypole as a device of Beelzebub, and on the village fiddler as his emissary. Puritanism struck the old popular music a blow from which it never completely recovered, although with the return of Charles II. it was restored to some degree of its former vitality. With the strong reaction that set in after the Restoration popular music regained much of the old ground, and was prosecuted with an ardour which has given us many of our most charming songs and ballads. But it now had lost touch with the people, and was felt to have something of the nature of an antiquarian revival.

National music since the Restoration has been chiefly cultivated by skilled musicians, whose names were attached to their compositions. The popular tunes of an earlier date were usually

\* The name "country-dance" is derived from the French "contre-dance"—"counter-dance," so named on account of the position of the dancers. The dance had, however, merely been imported from England, and it is somewhat singular that France should have found a name for a distinctively English product.



by such persons as fiddlers and pipers, whose names were not commemorated, and it is only in the rare instances in which the composers were cultivated musicians that their names have come down to us. After the Restoration we meet with the names of Leveridge, to whom we owe "Black-eyed Susan," and "The roast beef of Old England;" of Carey, the composer of "God save the king," and of Dr. Arne, who composed "Rule, Britannia."

Towards the close of the eighteenth century there was a grand outburst of sea-song, in which the traditions of the old Elizabethan sea-dogs were worthily carried on. Dr. Boyce wrote his spirit-stirring "Hearts of Oak," Davy his "Bay of Biscay," and Dibdin and Percy pictured the softer side of a sailor's life in "Tom Bowling" and "Wapping Old Stairs." Hook's ballad, "The Lass of Richmond Hill," is quite in the Old English style; Horn's "Cherry Ripe" and Lee's "Soldier's Tear" deserve commendation, and, almost in our own day, Bishop wrote the sweet ballad, "Home, sweet home," which is now universally regarded as the very model of an English song. These songs have lived in virtue of having touched some chord of the national sentiment, and may be called truly "national." But the conditions of art and of life have been so changed in modern times that English national music may now be looked upon as a thing of the past. The simple English ballad is, indeed, not yet extinct, and Sir Arthur Sullivan has employed it with signal success, especially in the delightful opera of "The Sorcerer," to which he has imparted a characteristic English flavour; but art is becoming more and more elaborate, and the music popular with the masses of the people seems to become more and more hideously vulgar with each year's pantomime. It is not the old national tunes of England that we hear in our pleasant villages, but "Tiddy fol lol," "I'm saving them all for Mary," and "The Masher King." But the end is not yet. "Merrie England" has gone with its maypoles and its village fiddlers; but let us hope that in the England of the future the hardness of the life of to-day will be relieved with the delights of an art which shall then have come down from the heights to dwell in the homes of the people.

MADAME ALBANI has been fulfilling an operatic engagement at Barcelona. She is also to sing in Brussels.

OWING to their regimental duties, the band of the Grenadier Guards were unable to accept an engagement offered them for the New Orleans Exhibition.

THE following artists have, it is understood, been engaged for the Birmingham Triennial Festival, to be held under the conductorship of Herr Hans Richter next August: Sopranos, Mesdames Albani and Hutchinson and Miss Anna Williams; contraltos, Mesdames Patey and Trebelli; tenors, Messrs. Lloyd and Maas; and baritones, Messrs. Santley, King, and Foli.

WHAT is said to be the largest organ in any place of worship in England has been nearly completed at the Beverley Minster. It has four manuals, 64 stops, and about 3,500 pipes have been used in its construction. Three powerful hydraulic engines are employed to work the eleven bellows or air reservoirs. The organ stands in part on a fine screen of carved oak, erected recently at a cost of £3,000.

THE country residence of Albani, the eminent contralto singer, was robbed a few weeks ago. It is an elegant house, situated at Ville d'Avray, which its owner has called by the name of Cenerentola. It was quite filled with souvenirs of her brilliant career, among which are the busts of many composers in whose pieces she sang. The thieves eluded the concierge, and after examining every drawer and cupboard, retired with a large booty. The stolen articles, being nearly all tokens or souvenirs, have a special value far in excess of their intrinsic worth. Madame Albani, who was staying in Paris, was greatly affected when she heard the news. Her souvenirs are her idols.

## Paganini Redivivus.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"Dinner again to-day? I thought as much!" exclaimed a rough but not unkindly voice. "I'll tell you what it is, Dietrich Schwertfuss, you're flying in the face of Providence; you've no business to burden yourself with other folk's children at your time of life. 'Tain't right to yourself nor the child. He should go to the poorhouse; he'll be better looked after there than here."

"But Frau Rahbart," replied the old man, in deprecating and anxious tones, "he's not suffered any want yet—"

"Not he, but you. Look at Stumps; even that dog's half-starved."

"Not so bad as that, Frau Rahbart, I assure you," said Dietrich, hurriedly.

"And not a farthing left in your pocket, I dare swear," added the remorseless Frau.

"Well, my good woman, and you would not be forsworn," answered old Schwertfuss, making a pathetic attempt at jocularity. "Bear in mind, Frau Rahbart, I'm an old soldier, well-seasoned to rough weather. A slight skirmish like this, with ill-fortune, won't turn me faint-hearted."

He rose and buttoned his coat with a military air. "I'll venture into battle again, and attack the stronghold of the enemy—not with shot and shell—but I'll storm their purses with my faithful old fiddle."

"Why, heaven save the man! what will he do next?"

"It's hard," he continued, with a sigh and a tremor in his voice, "to begin begging at sixty-eight; but I'll do my best to play them a good tune for their money; and it's for the child's sake; I promised his mother, Frau Rahbart, as I'd look after him. I knew the sickly creature, and had helped her here and again with a trifle. She sent for me when she was dying. It was, somehow, as if the poor thing couldn't die for anxiety what was to become of the boy. When I said I'd take him along with me, she just pressed my hand gratefully and died at peace. I was alone in the world, and blind. I had buried all my children, and there wasn't a soul left to give me a friendly word or a shake of the hand. God in His mercy sent me little Ernst. It was sunshine falling in my darkness. When I listen to his pretty talk, seeing the world through his eyes, and feel his arms about my neck, I know there is someone who loves the lonely old man, and clings to him, and I thank heaven for giving me this young life to lean upon and cheer my road to the grave. I want so little for myself; and if the poor child hadn't been ill, my pension would have kept us both quite comfortably."

"Pension! Comfortably!" cried Frau Rahbart angrily, to hide the emotion the quiet pathos of old Schwertfuss had awakened in her. "A few dirty shillings—not enough to keep a cat alive—and that's all the thanks your country can afford to show you, after you've made a useless cripple of yourself in defending it. What country's worth having a wooden leg for, or losing your blessed sight, I should like to know? None, says I; I don't care who hears me, what's more." She snapped her fingers derisively and glared defiance.

"I don't think you quite understand these matters," Dietrich ventured mildly to suggest. "But you are right in one matter, dear Frau. You are quite right," he repeated tremulously; "I am a useless cripple; and a blind old man isn't fit to take care of a young child." He sank into a chair and covered his face with his hands. "Perhaps I am selfish, and ought to give him

up; but it would nigh break my heart to part with him."

Frau Rahbart, whose feelings were by no means as uncouth as her words, was ready to cut out her tongue with vexation at her thoughtless speech.

"Lor' bless the man, how he do talk! Make's a lump rise in my throat fit to choke me. I ain't as hard as I seems, Dietrich Schwertfuss, and I know how them young things twine themselves round your heart. Haven't I six of my own? I'd take the boy myself, for he's a fine little chap, but I'm a poor widow with a large family, and charity begins at home. But cheer up, Schwertfuss, perhaps the old fiddle will make your fortune yet. Meantime you just eat what I've brought you—will make your tunes come sprightlier."

She placed a tray before him. He pushed it gently but firmly aside. "No, thank you, Frau Rahbart, you are very good, but I am not hungry." He spoke with a certain dignity, and the woman did not press him further. He approached a bed at the other end of the bare room, where a child with a mass of black, tumbled curls lay fast asleep. The white, pinched little face showed unmistakable signs of recent illness. The old man stooped and listened to its regular breathing. Then he felt along the wall till his hand alighted on the nail which held the violin.

Frau Rahbart took a bone from the discarded tray and threw it to Stumps. He pounced on it with eager delight, but there and then became a wiser and sadder dog, inasmuch as he experienced the truth of the proverb, "There's many a slip between the cup and the lip." At the very instant of settling down to a good scrunch, his master's voice called him to go out. Stumps hesitated; the struggle in his canine mind was severe; the pangs of hunger great. At last, with a sadly resigned air, he dropped his bone, and giving Frau Rahbart a look which plainly said: "I should like, but I mustn't," with a dejected droop of the tail, whose peculiarity had earned him his name, he went to old Dietrich. The collar was fastened round his neck, and he was ready to lead his master through the streets.

Stumps in his way was as well-disciplined a soldier as his master. Stumps always did his duty.

"Like master, like dog," propounded the outspoken Frau, as she watched the strange pair leave the room. "I'll be hanged if they're not the curiousest couple I've clapped eyes on for many a long day." She wiped away a tear with the corner of her dirty apron.

During the old soldier's absence, Ernst was as carefully tended as if he had been one of her half-dozen.

It was the afternoon on Christmas Day, 1829. Two gentlemen turned the corner of a street adjoining the celebrated Berlin promenade, "Unter den Linden;" they stood still for a short time conversing with great animation in Italian, and then shook hands, raised their hats, and separated. The one to return by the way they had come, the other to continue his road under the trees. Had it not been for the crowded state of the promenade, he must have aroused considerable attention, for his personality was singularly striking.

The stranger walked along rapidly, paying little heed to the surrounding scene. His thoughts were evidently far away, for occasionally he would move his cane, beating time to some melody in his mind. The scraping sound of a violin suddenly grated on his ear. Someone was making a painful attempt to play a lively military air. The stranger shook his head with a look of irritation, and quickened his speed. The sound came nearer and nearer. How that squeaking fiddle jarred on his nerves! The train of his ideas



was effectually interrupted. He glanced about angrily for the disturber. The crowd opened; his eyes fell on him.

As he paused to examine the object of his annoyance, anger quickly gave place to pity. It was none other than our poor blind Dietrich. He had given Stumps his hat to hold, thinking thereby to induce the people more readily to drop their coppers into it. The sun was shining on the bareheaded old man, and threw into prominence the thin grey hair, and the deep lines and wrinkles, age and suffering in their course had marked on his face. In his whole demeanour there was a sorrowful resignation unutterably touching. He did try so hard to play his best, yet neither his strenuous efforts nor the wistful eyes of Stumps made any impression on the heartless crowd. Not a single coin had fallen in the hat. Would nothing attract their attention? Oh, if they only knew how little it needed to preserve to the old soldier his last treasure, they would not have turned away so coldly. A feeling of despair chilled his heart. He saw himself compelled to part with his darling—his little Ernst. His hand began to tremble, and two tears stole down his weatherbeaten cheeks. The stranger approached him.

"Is it long that you have been playing, my friend?" he inquired, with a strong foreign accent.

Dietrich started, and rubbed his coat sleeve over his eyes.

"Yes, sir."

"And you have earned nothing?"

"No, sir," he replied, sadly. "They don't care for my tunes."

"Will you lend me your violin for half an hour, colleague?"

Dietrich handed him the instrument.

What now happened ever seemed a dream to Dietrich. He could never speak of it afterwards with clearness—words failed him to express his wonder, his awe and admiration. Surely heaven had sent him an angel in his distress. Such music could not be human!

By Dietrich's side against a tree leant the stranger. How often had his unusual appearance been described—the tall, skeleton-like figure, the pale, narrow face, the long dark hair, and the mysterious magnetic expression of the dark heavy eyes. Old Dietrich's suspicion that he was not of earth was a pardonable one. He appeared, indeed, endowed with supernatural power, such was the unearthly beauty of the sounds issuing from the cracked old fiddle. From the first notes, the passers-by stood spell-bound, and soon a vast crowd, growing every moment denser, had collected. There was almost a demoniac element in the stranger's playing, which irresistibly took hold of those who came within his hearing, and held them rooted to the spot! He swayed their feelings at his will, and they responded as obediently as the strings of the violin to his touch. Those who before had cast indifferent glances at old Dietrich, now with moistened eyes pressed eagerly forward to drop their contributions into the hat. But not until it had been twice filled to the brim did the stranger cease his marvellous playing. Suddenly as he had come forward he stopped, and placed the violin in the hands of the old soldier. In vain our poor friend attempted to murmur his gratitude—tears of joy choked his utterances. The spell which held the people under a ban was broken, and as the stranger quickly made his way through the crowd, a great cry of "Paganini! Paganini!" rose on the air.

M. NICOLINI informs his friends that he is about to retire into private life, and is not likely again to appear in Italian opera in England.

## Evenings with the Orchestra.

BY HECTOR BERLIOZ.

(Specially Translated for the "Magazine of Music.")

### SECOND EVENING.

*The Strolling Harpist; a tale of to-day.—The Performance of an Oratorio.—The Sleep of the Just.*

HERE is a performance at the theatre. The programme is exclusively composed of a long oratorio, which the public attends as a religious duty, and listens to in religious silence, while the artists face the work with a religious courage; the effect on all is chilly, dull, depressing, like that produced by the walls of a Protestant church.

The unhappy player of the big drum has no part in the work, and therefore sits discontentedly in his corner. He alone dares to speak irreverently of the music which, in his view, has been written by a man so ignorant of the laws of orchestration that he has not employed the big drum, the king of instruments.

I am seated beside a viola, who during the first hour renders his part with tolerable faithfulness. The second hour has barely begun, however, when his bow shows languid symptoms . . . then the bow falls . . . I feel an unaccustomed weight on my left shoulder. It is the head of the martyr resting there in unconsciousness. I draw nearer in order to afford him a firmer and more comfortable pillow. The pious auditors near the orchestra throw indignant glances at us. Great scandal; . . . I persist in prolonging it, in acting as cushion to the sleeper. The musicians laugh.

"We shall soon sleep also," said Moran to me, "if you do not keep us awake by some method. Let us see! an episode from your last journey to Germany! It is a country we love, although this terrible oratorio comes from it. You must have had some original adventures. Speak, speak at once; the arms of Morpheus are already open to receive us!"

"It seems that I am charged this evening to hold one of you asleep and the others awake. Very good, I will do so, but should you ever repeat the story I am about to tell you—a story which will, perhaps, be a little outspoken here and there, don't say that you learned it from me; that would be the last touch needed to complete my ruin in the minds of those holy people who are eyeing me like owls at this moment."

"Be easy," replies Corsino, who had come out of prison; "I will say that the story is mine."

### THE STROLLING HARPIST.

*A Tale of To-day.*

During one of my excursions in Austria, when I had travelled about a third of the way from Vienna to Prague, the train was brought to an absolute stand-still. An inundation had carried away a viaduct; the country, as far as the eye could reach, was covered with water and debris, and in order to reach the other end of the broken line it was necessary to make a long detour by carriage. There were few comfortable vehicles, and I esteemed myself fortunate in finding a countryman's cart furnished with two bundles of straw, on which I arrived, battered and chilled, at the place of assemblage. While endeavouring to restore my circulation in the dining-room of the station, there entered one of those strolling harpists frequently to be seen in the South of Germany, and who often possess talents superior to their humble condition. This one having placed himself in an angle of the dining-room, in front of me, looked at me attentively for some minutes, then, taking his harp as if to tune it, thrummed very sweetly several times, in the form of prelude, the first four bars of the theme of my "Queen Mat" scherzo, watching me the while under his instrument as he threw off the little melody. I at first fancied that chance had led the harpist's fingers to the notes. To assure myself, I took up the theme and sung the four following bars, when, to my great astonishment, he finished the period with perfect accuracy. Then we looked at each other smiling. "Dove avete inteso questo pezzo?" said I to him. My first resort in a country where I am ignorant

of the language is to speak Italian, on the assumption that people who do not know French ought to understand the only foreign language of which I have learned some words. But the harpist broke in—

"I do not know Italian, sir, and do not understand what you have done me the honour to say."

"Ah! you speak French! I asked you where you had heard that piece."

"At Vienna; at one of your concerts."

"You recognise me?"

"Oh, very well!"

"By what chance did you gain entrance to the concert?"

"One evening in a café at Vienna, where I was in the habit of playing, I witnessed a quarrel among the frequenters of the place, on the subject of your music; indeed, so violent did the quarrel become that I expected every minute to see the arguments beaten into heads with stools. The Symphony of 'Romeo and Juliet' was specially debated, and this excited in me a great desire to hear it. I said then: If I gain to-day more than three florins, with one of them I will buy a ticket for to-morrow's concert. I had the good luck to get three florins and a half, and thus I satisfied my curiosity."

"You have kept the scherzo in memory, then?"

"I know the first half and the concluding strains only; the rest I have never been able to recall."

"What effect did it produce on you when you heard it? Tell me the truth."

"Oh, a singular, a very singular effect! It made me laugh uncontrollably. I had never dreamt that any known instruments could produce such sounds, or that an orchestra of a hundred musicians could give themselves over to such amusing little capers. My fit of amusement continued throughout the piece. Near the close, at that rapid phrase where the violins, leading off, ascend like a flash, I laughed so loudly that one of my neighbours wanted to have me ejected, thinking I was mocking the performance. Truly, however, I was not making fun of it; on the contrary; but the impulse to laugh was too strong for me."

"By heavens! you have an original manner of feeling music; I am curious to know how you have developed it. As you speak French so well, and the train does not start for two hours yet, you must come and breakfast with me, and give me an explanation."

"It is a very simple story, sir, and scarcely worthy of your attention; but if you wish to hear it, I am at your service."

We took our seats at the table, and the inevitable Rhenish wine being brought we drank several bumpers. I will now give, almost in the words of my chance guest, the story of his musical education, or rather, the recital of the principal events of his life.

### STORY OF THE STROLLING HARPIST.

"I was born in Styria. My father, like myself, was a strolling musician. Having travelled through France for ten years, and amassed a small sum of money, he returned to his own country, where he married. I came into the world one year after his marriage, and eight months later my mother died. My father took the utmost care of me, and reared me with almost a mother's solicitude. Persuaded that as our home was in a German-speaking land I could not fail to acquire the language, he happily conceived the idea of giving me my first lessons in French, and spoke it exclusively with me. He taught me also, as soon as my powers permitted, the use of two instruments which he handled well—the harp and the carbine. You know we shoot well in Styria, and I soon became a marksman of repute in our village, much to my father's delight. At the same time I had acquired considerable skill on the harp, though not sufficient to satisfy my father's idea of progress. He questioned me; and being unwilling to give him the true reason, I replied that, in spite of daily practice, I despaired of ever playing well on the harp at home. The truth was I had ceased my efforts, and for this reason: I had, as a child, a very fine voice, strong and ringing; the pleasure I found in playing on my instrument in the woods and in some of the wildest scenes of our country led me also to sing to my own accompaniment. I used to listen in ecstasy as the tones of my voice were wafted away and lost in the distant valleys. This had a powerful effect on my mind. I improvised the words and the music of songs, mixing German with French, in the endeavour to express my exalted emotion. My harp,



however, failed to yield what I desired as an accompaniment to these wild improvisations; in vain I split the harmonies twenty ways, but the result always appeared so miserably inadequate that one day, at the end of a couplet, where I wished a very strong and sustained harmony, I instinctively drew my carbine and fired it into the air in order to obtain the final crash which my harp refused. The disappointment was still greater when I sought those continuous, moaning, sweetly pathetic tones which court and even beget reverie; the harp was then painfully irresponsible.

"One day, when improvising in more melancholy fashion than usual, and feeling keenly the impossibility of ever drawing from the harp the desired strains, I stopped singing, and, discouraged and silent, remained stretched on the heath, my head resting on the imperfect instrument. After some minutes a harmony, strange but sweet, subdued, mysterious as the echo of the songs of paradise, seemed to reach my ears. . . . I listened in ecstasy. . . . I perceived that this music came from the harp, although the strings gave no signs of vibration; that it increased in richness and power, or diminished according to the force of the wind. It was the wind, indeed, which aroused these fascinating harmonies. The possibility of music being produced in this way was wholly new to me."

"You did not know the *Æolian* harp?"

"No, sir; I thought I had made a real discovery; it took possession of me, and from that moment, in place of cultivating the technique of my instrument, I became wholly absorbed in experiments. I tried twenty different methods of tuning to prevent the confusion produced by the vibration of so many different strings, and I found at last, after much seeking, the greatest number of possible unisons and octaves while suppressing the other chords. Thus I obtained a series of harmonies truly magical, realising my fairest ideal—celestial harmonies to which I sang hymns without end; harmonies which transported me to the shining sphere among thousands of angels, white winged and crowned with stars, singing with me in an unknown tongue; harmonies that plunged me into a profound sadness, in which I saw, in the midst of the clouds, pale maidens, blue-eyed and robed in long fair hair, more beautiful than the Seraphim, chanting low mournful melodies, which were borne along with them by the storm to the extremities of the horizon. Sometimes I imagined myself in the presence of Napoleon, whose wonderful career my father had often related to me. I believed myself in the island where he died; I saw the guard motionless around him. At other times I had a vision of the Holy Virgin, St. Madeleine and our Lord Jesus Christ, in a magnificent church on Easter Day; or, I seemed to have ascended into air while the world had disappeared; or again, I was seized by a horrible grief, as if beings infinitely dear were lost to me, and sobbing and tearing my hair I rolled on the ground. I cannot express the hundredth part of what I experienced. During one of those scenes of poetic despair a band of hunters came upon me. My tears, my confusion, the unstrung harp, seemed to them signs of madness, and they insisted on leading me home. My father had a different opinion; he set down my odd way of life and fits of excitement to drink (which I must have stolen as I had no money to buy it). As a punishment for supposed indulgence in brandy I was soundly thrashed and shut up for two days on bread and water. I bore this injustice without a word; I felt that the truth would not have been believed or comprehended. Besides, the thought of declaring my secret was repugnant. I had discovered an ideal and, for me, sacred world; I would not unveil the mystery. M. le Curé, an honest man, of whom I have not yet spoken, had one simple explanation of my ecstasies. 'They are,' said he, 'visitations of the Holy Spirit. This youth is doubtless designed for a great saint.'

"As the time of my first communion drew near, my musical trances were more frequent and more intense. My father now thought with the others that his son was a lunatic. M. le Curé, however, persisted in his opinion, and asked if I had never dreamt of being a priest. 'No,' I replied, 'but now I should like it.' And it seemed to me then as if I might be happy in that holy office.

"Ah well! my child, look into your heart and reflect; we will speak of this again."

"Meanwhile, my father died, after a short illness. I was fourteen years old; my sorrow was great, for he had rarely beaten me; and I owed him much gratitude for teaching me three things: French, the harp, and the use of the carbine. Now I was alone in the world; M. le

Curé took me to his home, and on the strength of an assurance that the priesthood attracted me, began the necessary preparatory education. Five years were passed in the study of Latin, and I was about to attack theology, when I foolishly fell in love at first sight, and at the same time with two girls! Perhaps you don't think that is possible, sir?"

"On the contrary! I believe you entirely. Nothing is improbable in that line to an organisation like yours."

"Ah, well then! it was as I tell you. . . . I loved both at once; the one was gay and the other sentimental."

"Like the two cousins of Freischütz?"

"Precisely. Oh, Freischütz! some of my phrases are in it. . . . And in the woods, in stormy days, very often. . . . (Here the narrator stopped, and, looking fixedly into the air, remained motionless. Listening intently, he seemed to hear his loved *Æolian* harmonies, woven doubtless with Weber's romantic melody, of which he had just been speaking. His features paled and tears glittered on his eyelashes. . . . I took care not to disturb his blissful dream; I admired and even envied him. We remained silent some time. At last, hurriedly drying his eyes and emptying his glass):

"Pardon, sir," he continued, "I have rudely neglected you, in following for one moment my inward thought. Mark you, Weber would have understood me as I understand him; he would not have mistaken me for a drunkard, or a fool, or a saint. He has realised by dreams; or, at least, he has rendered some of my impressions so as to be appreciable to the crowd."

"To the crowd, do you say? Stop a little, comrade; how many individuals, do you think, have remarked that phrase, the mere remembrance of which moves you, that phrase which I divine; the clarinet solo on the tremolo in the overture, is it not?"

"Yes, yes, tut!"

"I knew it! Cite to whomsoever you will that sublime melody, and you will find that of a hundred thousand persons who have heard 'Freischütz,' perhaps not ten have noticed it."

"It is quite possible. My God! what a world! . . . In short, my two loves were for me Weber's true heroines; and what is more, one was called Annette and one Agatha, the same again as in 'Freischütz.' I have never been able to decide which was the dearer to me. This I know, that with the gay one I was always sad, while the sad one made me gay."

"Of course, that's natural."

"To tell the truth, I was supremely happy. This double love banished for a while my celestial concerts, and as for my holy vocation, it had disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. There is nothing like the love of two young girls, the one bright and the other dreamy, to drive out all thought of the priesthood as a profession, and to cure one's taste for theology. M. le Curé was not observant; Agatha did not suspect my love for Annette, nor Annette my passion for Agatha, and I continued to be gay and sad day about."

"The deuce! If that agreeable condition of things lasted long, there must have been in you inexhaustible depths of gaiety and of sadness."

"I don't know whether I was so favoured as you suggest, for a new incident, graver than any previous event in my life, tore me from the arms of my good friends and from the lessons of M. le Curé. One day I was composing verses in the company of Annette, who laughed heartily at what she called my disconsolate hang-dog air, as I sang to the harp accompaniment one of my most impassioned poems, improvised at the time when my heart and my intellect were alike unstirred. Resting a moment my head on Annette's shoulder, and kissing tenderly one of her hands, I asked myself what mysterious faculty could have led me to express passion in music before I had known the slightest premonitions of love, when Annette was seized with fresh hilarity. 'Oh, you wretch!' cried she, embracing me. 'Yet, never mind, I love you even better, little diverting as you are, than that mountebank Franz, Agatha's lover.' 'Lover of—' 'Of Agatha. Do you not know? He visits her at the same hours that we are together; she has told me all.'

"Perhaps, sir, you imagine that I rushed precipitously from the house, uttering cries of anger, and eager to annihilate Franz and Agatha. Not at all. Full of a cold rage, a hundred times more terrible than impetuous fury, I awaited my rival at our sweetheart's door, and, without reflecting that she was deceiving both of us, and that he had as much right to complain of me as I had to complain of him—ignorant even whether he suspected

the motive of my attack, I insulted him in such fashion that we met next morning to fight without witnesses. And we did fight, sir, and I. . . . give me a glass of wine, and I. . . . your health. . . . and I put out his eye. . . ."

"Ah, you fought with the sword?"

"No, sir, with the carbine, at fifty feet; I discharged a ball into his left eye, which rendered him blind."

"And dead, doubtless?"

"Oh, quite dead; he fell stone dead at once."

"And did you aim at the left eye?"

"Alas! no, sir; I know you are thinking me very clumsy. . . . at fifty steps. . . . I aimed at the right eye. . . . But in taking aim, the thought of that wretch Agatha, made I suppose, my hand tremble, for on any other occasion, I swear without vanity that I could not have been guilty of such a gross blunder. However it was, I no sooner saw him on the ground than my rage and my two loves fled in company. . . . I had only one idea, that of escaping from justice, which I already foresaw on my track; for, as I said, we had been fighting without witnesses, and I could easily have been proved an assassin. I fled to the mountain, cured of my passion for Annette and Agatha, just as they had cured me of my desire for theology. It was clearly demonstrated to me that the love of women is to the love of the church as the love of life is to that of women, and the best way to forget two sweethearts is to send a ball into the left eye of the first of their lovers who presents himself. If ever you have a double love like mine, which proves disagreeable to you, I recommend my procedure."

I saw that my man was beginning to puff himself up, biting his under-lip in speaking, and laughing noiselessly in a strange fashion. "You are tired," I said; "let us go outside and smoke a cigar, and you can, at the same time, comfortably finish your recital."

"Good," said he. Then taking his harp, he played with one hand the entire theme of "Queen Mab." This appeared to restore him to good humour. As we went out, I murmured aside, "What a queer, amusing fellow!" and he: "What a queer, amusing piece!"

"I lived for some days in the mountains, pursuing my old hunting life. Usually my gun kept me in food, and when this failed the peasants never refused a piece of bread to the hunter. Eventually I betook myself to Vienna, where I very unwillingly sold my faithful carbine in order to buy a harp, with which I proposed to gain a livelihood. From that day I embraced my father's profession—I became a strolling musician. I was to be found in public places, in the streets, under windows, especially favouring those people whom I knew to be destitute of musical taste; I beset them with my wild melodies, and to get rid of me they always flung some money. I have received in this way a good deal of money from M. le Conseiller K—, from Madame Baronne C—, from Baron S—, and from twenty other wealthy people, *habitués* of the Italian Opera."

"A Viennese artist with whom I was then associated procured me their names and addresses. The professed lovers of music, with two or three exceptions, gave me their attention, but the idea of parting with the smallest coin rarely entered their heads. My chief collection was made during the evening in the cafés, where students and artists resorted, and in one of these, as I have already said, I witnessed the dispute regarding your music, which excited in me the desire to hear the 'Queen Mab' scherzo. What a queer, amusing piece! I have since then haunted the towns and villages scattered along the route you are now travelling, and often have I visited that beautiful Prague. Ah! sir, that is a musical town."

"Indeed!"

"You will judge for yourself. This wandering life is fatiguing in the end, however. I sometimes think of my two fair friends, and fancy what pleasure I should have in pardoning Agatha, what comfort in allowing Annette to deceive me in her turn! Moreover, I scarcely gain enough to maintain myself; my harp ruins me; these wretched strings require to be continually renewed; in the slightest rain they snap or thicken in the middle, making the notes dull and discordant. You have no idea what these strings cost me."

"Ah! my dear brother in art, don't complain too much. In the great lyric theatres many strings dearer than yours, strings that cost 60,000 or even 100,000 francs, change and wear day by day to the huge despair of managers and conductors! Their rich and exquisite



sonority is wrecked by the merest accident. A slight heat, the least humidity, any trifle, and there appears the unhappy swelling of which you speak, destroying all purity and charm. How many fine works are thus withheld! What interests are affected! Distracted directors set off hurriedly for Naples, the land of delightful cords, but very often in vain. Much time and good luck are needed to replace a treble string of the first order!

"Perhaps so, sir; but your disasters console me not at all in my misfortunes. To escape from my present distress I have formed a project which I hope you will approve. Within the last two years I have acquired real skill on my instrument, and can now compose in a musicianly fashion. I think I cannot do better than begin a series of concerts in the largest French towns and in Paris."

"In Paris! Concerts in France! Ah! ah! ah! It is now my turn to laugh. Ah! ah! What a queer, amusing fellow! I am not jeering. Ah! ah! ah! It is quite involuntary, like the blissful laugh which my scherzo afforded you."

"Pardon, where's the joke?"

"You say—ah! ah! ah!—that you propose to enrich yourself by giving concerts in France! Ah! that is a very Styrian idea. Come, I can tell you something on that point. Listen. In France (immediately—wait a little—I am quite out of breath)—in France whoever gives a concert is taxed according to law. Do you know that?"

"Confound it!"

"There are people whose profession it is to collect (that is to say, to take) the eighth of the gross receipts of all the concerts; they have, in fact, the option of appropriating the fourth. Well, you go to Paris; you organise at your own risk and peril an evening or afternoon concert; you have to pay for the room, the lights, the heating, the bills, the copyist, the musicians. As you are not known, you may consider yourself fortunate in drawing 800 francs; you have, on a minimum, 600 francs of expenses; there should be left 200 francs of profit; you will receive nothing. The tax-gatherer lays hands on your 200 francs, according to law, pockets them and salutes you, for he is very polite. If, as is more probable, your total drawings are exactly the 600 francs necessary for expenses, the tax-gatherer then cannot secure his eighth; you are in consequence punished by a fine of 75 francs for the insolence of wishing to make yourself known in Paris, and for endeavouring to live there honestly by your talents."

"It is not possible!"

"No, surely, it is not possible; but it is. And let me add, it is my politeness alone that grants you 800 or 600 francs of receipts. Unknown, poor, and a harpist, you would not have an audience of twenty. That is the plain truth. The greatest and most celebrated *virtuosi* have known in France what public indifference and caprice mean. I have seen in the green room of the theatre at Marseilles a glass broken by Paganini in his anger at finding his concert-room empty."

"Paganini!"

"Paganini. Perhaps the day was too hot. For you must know this; in our country there are circumstances which the most extraordinary musician—the musician of powerful and undisputed genius—cannot successfully combat. Neither in Paris nor in the provinces does the public love music well enough to brave for its sake heat, rain, or snow. Repasts cannot be put back or advanced even a few minutes; the opera and the concert are only attended when the thing can be done without too much trouble, or expense, or upsetting of one's habits, and when there is good entertainment and absolutely nothing better to do. It is my firm conviction that not one individual in a thousand would go to hear the finest work of the most astonishing *virtuoso* if it were necessary to listen alone and in a room not lit. There is not one in a thousand ready to do an artist a favour at the cost of fifty francs, or willing to pay twenty-five to hear a masterpiece, unless fashion compels, for even masterpieces are sometimes the fashion. Certainly not for music would a dinner, a ball, a simple promenade be sacrificed, much less a ride on horseback, or a sitting at the court of assize. An opera may attract if it be new, or if the diva or tenor be popular; a concert-room may also be crowded if there be some fictitious interest, such as a public combat between two rival artists. Not to admire their playing, but to see which will be vanquished, is the public there; just as the same public looks on at a steeplechase or at a bout with the gloves. Again, many

will submit to be bored for four hours, or to play the fatiguing comedy of enthusiasm at a classical concert because it is considered proper to have a box, the seats being in much request. Above all, at certain first representations, exorbitant prices are paid, if the conductor or author is playing that evening one of those terrible crucial parts which decide fortune and future. Then the interest is immense; careless about studying the new work with its undiscerned and unenjoyed beauties, the public is eager to know whether it will be successful; and just as chance may direct, just as the first movement may happen to affect one or other sense, or it may be for one of those occult and inexplicable reasons which the slightest incident often determines in such cases, the side of the strongest is espoused; if the work be condemned the unfortunate author is crushed; if successful, he is carried in triumph; all this without any real comprehension. Oh! you have to see whether the weather is warm, or cold, or windy, whether your venture costs a hundred francs or a hundred sous; it is a battle; it is often an execution! In France, my dear sir, the public must be trained like racehorses; and this is a special art. There are some men of brilliant power who never acquire it, while others of a dull mediocrity prove admirable trainers. Happy those who possess at once the two rare qualities! And yet those who have a genius for both often meet their superiors among the phlegmatic inhabitants of certain towns where the ways of life are truly antediluvian—sleeping cities which will never be awakened, where the inhabitants are vowed, to indifference to art, by the fanaticism of economy.

"This recalls an anecdote, somewhat old, but perhaps new to you, in which Liszt and Rubini figured in a highly original fashion seven or eight years ago. They had arranged a musical tour through the northern towns. Certainly, if ever two enterprising caterers went forth with the certainty of taking the public by storm, these incomparable *virtuosi* were the men. Very well! Rubini and Liszt (let me impress it upon you, Liszt and Rubini) arrived at a modern Athens, and announced their first concert. Nothing was neglected; neither the amazing puffs, the colossal bills, nor the varied and taking programme—nothing; and nothing was precisely what came of it all!

"At the appointed hour our two lions entered the hall. . . . There were not fifty persons! Rubini, indignant, refused to sing; anger choked him.

"On the contrary," said Liszt, "you ought to do your best; this fraction of the public is evidently the *élite* of the amateurs in this part, and consequently you must treat it so. Let us surpass ourselves!"

"He set the example, and played the first piece magnificently. Rubini then sang, but in very contemptuous tones. Liszt returned, executed the third item, and at the close advanced to the front of the theatre, saluting the assembly graciously.

"Gentlemen and lady," said he (for there was only one), "I think you have had enough of music. Dare I now beg of you to be pleased to come and take supper with us?"

"For a moment the fifty guests were undecided; but as, everything considered, the proposition was tempting, they did not refuse. The supper cost Liszt 1,200 francs. . . . The two *virtuosi* did not renew the experience. They were wrong. No doubt at the second concert the public would have swarmed in the hope of supper.

"Splendid diplomacy, and within the capacity of the meanest millionaire!

"One day I met one of our first composers for the piano returning, disappointed, from a seaport town, where he had reckoned on getting a hearing.

"I could not foresee the impossibility of giving a concert there," said he to me, very seriously; "the herring have just arrived, and the whole town thinks of nothing but this precious edible! How can one struggle against a shoal of herring!"

"You see, my friend, that to train your public is not an easy thing, especially in second-rate towns. But having said all this in criticism of the musical sense of the vulgar public, I ought now to tell you how it is importuned, harassed, and shamelessly oppressed by pitiful performers, from the soprano to the deep bass, from the flageolet to the full organ. There is no finicking scraper on the guitar, no hammer on the keyboard, no grotesque warbler of insipidities who does not aspire to win competence and renown by giving his jew's harp performance. Forthwith there follow pitiable torments for the heads of families. The patrons of these *virtuosi*

—the disposers of tickets—are sharp stinging hornets, against whom one knows not how to protect oneself. There are no subterfuges, no diplomatic twisting that they will not employ to slip into the hands of the unenviable rich people some dozen of these hideous squares of paper named concert tickets. And when a handsome woman has been afflicted with the cruel task of selling tickets at secondhand, you should see with what ruthless despotism she imposes her tax on the men, young and old, who have the happiness to meet her. "Mons. A.—, here are three tickets that Madame — has charged me to make you accept; give me thirty francs. Mons. B.—: you are a great musician, everyone says so; you knew the instructor of Grétry's nephew; you lived for a month at Montmorency in the house next to that great man's; here are two tickets for a charming concert; you really must subscribe; give me twenty francs. My dear friend, during last winter I took more than 1,000 francs of tickets for the *protégés* of your husband. Let him have these; he will not refuse you the price of five stalls; give me fifty francs. Come, Mons. C.—, you, who are a veritable artist, must encourage talent; I am sure you are eager to hear that delightful child (or that interesting young person, or that good mother of a family, or that poor boy who must be redeemed from the Conscription, etc.); here are two seats. That is a louis you owe me. I will give you credit till this evening."

"To continue, I know people who, during the months of February and March—that is to say, the months of the year in which this plague rages most cruelly in Paris—abstain from entering the drawing-rooms in order to escape robbery. I have not yet spoken of the best known frequenters of these redoubtable concerts—I mean the unfortunate critics who laud them. It would be too much to give you a picture of their tribulations. But lately the critics have not suffered alone. Every *virtuoso* jew-harpist or other, who has done Paris—that is to say, who has given a concert there (it is spoken of thus in the cant of the profession)—thinks it right to travel, and hence much discomfort to honourable people who have not been prudent enough to conceal their relationships abroad. The *virtuoso* endeavours to obtain from them letters of recommendation, leads them to write to some innocent banker, to some amiable ambassador, or generous friend of art, that Mlle. C.— is about to give a concert at Copenhagen, or at Amsterdam; that she has a rare talent, and should be encouraged (by buying a great quantity of her tickets). These efforts have generally the saddest results for all concerned, and not least for the *virtuoso* thus recommended. Last winter, in Russia, I heard a story regarding a singer of love-songs and her husband, who, having done St. Petersburg and Moscow without success, nevertheless imagined themselves so gifted that they begged a powerful governor to introduce them to the Sultan's Court. Constantinople must be done. Nothing less. Liszt himself had not dreamt of undertaking such a mission. Russia being too chilly for them, there was every reason for wooing fortune under skies whose clemency is proverbial, and for seeing if, perchance, the Turks were not friends of music. Behold, then, our wedded ones, well recommended, following like the wise men, the perfidious star, which guided them Eastwards. They arrived at Pera; their letters of introduction produced the required effect; the seraglio was opened to them. Madame will be admitted to sing her romances before the head of the Sublime Porte, the Commander of the Faithful. Truly, it is hard to be a Sultan, exposed to such accidents! A concert is arranged; four black slaves bring a piano; the white slave, the husband, carries the singer's shawl and music. The unsuspecting Sultan places himself on a pile of cushions, surrounded by his principal officers, with his chief interpreter near him. His *narghile* being lit, he emits a slender column of odorous vapour; the singer is ready; she begins this love ditty by Mons. Panzeron:

"Ah, well do I know you've betrayed me,

Another has learned how to charm;

Yet, though your heart has gainsayed me,

My heart shall ever be warm.

"Yes, I shall cherish for ever

The love that was vowed, and shall burn,

And when from him thou shall sever,

Oh, call me and I will return."

"At this point the Sultan signalled the interpreter, and said with that Turkish laconism of which Molière has given us so many fine examples in the *Bourgeois gentilhomme*: "Naoum!"



"Whereupon the interpreter proceeded, 'Sir, His Highness commands me to inform you that madame would give him pleasure by being instantly silent.'

"But . . . she has scarcely begun it would be a great mortification."

"During this dialogue the unlucky cantatrice continued, with much rolling of the eyes, to howl M. Panseron's song:

"If e'er by your lover forsaken,  
Oh, weak one, and doubtings abide,  
Say one word, my hope to awaken,  
And quickly I'll fly to your side."

"The Sultan made a fresh sign, and caressing his beard the while, threw over his shoulder to the interpreter the word 'Zieck!'

"The interpreter then said to the husband (the woman still continuing to sing M. Panseron's lyric), 'Sir, the Sultan commands me to inform you that if madame does not cease this moment, he will cause her to be thrown into the Bosphorus.'

"This time the trembling husband hesitated no longer: putting his hand on his wife's mouth, he brusquely interrupted her tender refrain."

"Call me, I will return,  
Call me, I—"

"A great silence followed, broken only by the sound of drops of sweat falling from the husband's forehead on the despised piano. The Sultan remained motionless, and our travellers were endeavouring to withdraw, when the new word, 'Boulack!' issued from the magnate's lips in the midst of a jet of smoke,

"Once more the interpreter: 'Sir, His Highness orders me to say that he desires to see you dance.'

"Dance? I?"

"Yourself, sir."

"But I am not a dancer, not even an artist; I accompany my wife on her travels; I carry her music and her shawl, that is all. I am unable, truly."

"Zieck! Boulack!" the Sultan sharply cried, ejecting an ominous cloud.

"Then the interpreter, very quickly: 'Sir, His Highness commands me to inform you that if you do not dance immediately, he will cause you to be thrown into the Bosphorus.'

"There was no choice but to begin hopping, and a pretty spectacle it must have been. The unhappy husband indulged in the most grotesque gambols, until the Sultan, caressing his beard for the last time, cried in a terrible voice, 'Daïoum be boulack! Zieck!'

"Then the interpreter: 'Enough, sir; His Highness commands me to inform you that madame and yourself must now retire and quit this city not later than tomorrow; and further, should you ever return to Constantinople, both of you will be thrown into the Bosphorus.'

"Sublime Sultan! admirable critic! what an example you have given! and why is the Bosphorus not at Paris?"

"The chronicle does not relate whether the unlucky couple pushed on into China, and whether the tender singer obtained recommendations to the celestial emperor. It is probable, for the pair have not again been heard of. The husband, in that case, has doubtless perished miserably in the Yellow river, or become chief dancer to the son of the Sun."

"This last anecdote, at least," rejoined the harpist, "proves nothing against Paris."

"What! do you not see the evident application? . . . It proves that in the continual ferment of Paris there are thrown up so many musicians of every degree of talent, or of no talent, that under the pain of devouring each other, like the infusorial animalcules, they are obliged to emigrate, and the guards at the doors of the seraglio are unable to defend the Emperor of the Turks against them."

"This is very sad," said the harpist, sighing: "the concert won't do, I see. But all the same, I'd like to go to Paris."

"Oh! come to Paris, by all means. Nothing prevents that. And, look you, I can help you to many excellent jobs, if you wish to practise your ingenious Vienna system of making music for the people who don't like it. In this respect I can be of great use, in indicating the houses of the rich people who detest music most; although, if you play at hazard before any pretentious house, you would be sure to succeed once or twice. Still, to spare yourself futile improvisations, better take these addresses, of which I guarantee the correctness and the high utility:—

"1st.—Rue Drouot, fronting the municipal buildings.

"2nd.—Rue Favart, opposite Rue d'Amboise.

"3rd.—Place Ventadour, fronting Rue Monsigny.

"4th.—Rue de Rivoli; I do not know the number of the right house, but anyone will show it to you.

"5th.—Place Vendôme; every number there is excellent."

"There are a crowd of good houses in Rue Caumartin. Find out for yourself the addresses of the celebrated lions and of the popular composers, find also the authors of the opera books and the principal holders of the first boxes in the Conservatoire, in the Opera, and at the Italian Theatre; all these are as good as ready money to you. Do not forget Rue Drouot, and go there every day; it is the chief quarter for levying your tax."

"At this point the bell warned me of the departure of the train. I shook the strolling harpist by the hand and flung myself into a carriage: 'Adieu, *confère!* We shall meet in Paris. Keep to the order of the addresses and follow my advice; you will make your fortune there; I again recommend to you the Rue Drouot."

"And you will think of my remedy for a double love?"

"Yes, adieu!"

"Adieu!"

The train for Prague, immediately set out. As we moved away I saw the Styrian dreamer leaning on his harp, and following me with his eyes. The noise of the carriages prevented me hearing him; but by the movement of the fingers of his left hand I knew that he played the theme from "Queen Mab," and by the movement of his lips I divined that while I was saying again: "What a queer amusing fellow!" he was repeating on his side: "What a queer amusing piece!"

Silence . . . The snoring of the viola and of the drummer, who has followed his example, makes itself heard through the skilful counterpoint of the oratorio. From time to time also the noise of the leaves turned simultaneously by the faithful readers of the sacred book causes an agreeable diversion in the monotony of the voices and instruments.

"What! is your story already finished?" said the first trombone.

"You are exceedingly polite. It is the merit of the oratorio which procures me this compliment. However, I have really finished. My stories are not like that fugue, which will last, I believe, till the Judgment-day. Shout, executioner! go on for ever! That's it; take up your theme now."

"Patience," said the trombone; "there are only six long airs and eight little fugues."

"What's to be done?"

"It really is irresistible. Let us all sleep!"

"All? Oh, no, that would be imprudent. Let us imitate the seamen, and leave at least some men on watch. We can relieve them in two hours."

Three contra-basses are detailed to take the first watch, and the rest of the orchestra sleep like one man.

As for myself, I gently shift my viola, who seems as if he had inhaled a flask of chloroform, on to the shoulder of the orchestra boy, and steal away. Rain is falling in torrents; I hear the music in the gutters; I am exhilarated by the refreshing harmony.

(To be continued.)

MADAME PATTI telegraphed from America, ordering that a tradesman at Swansea should send three waggons-loads of blankets and flannel to Crag-y-Nos, for distribution among the poor in the neighbourhood of her country residence.

THE nuisance of a claue purchased by the distribution of free tickets by the artists has grown to such dimensions at the Court Theatre, in Vienna, that the General-Intendant has officially called it to the attention of Director Jahn, and he, in turn, has made an appeal for its suppression to the members of the company. The General-Intendant's letter contained this pertinent observation: "Inasmuch as the claue is recruited for the greater part by the tickets distributed by the artists, it is premised that the artists themselves, remembering the positions which they occupy in the celebrated institution, will gradually become convinced that their strength lies only in the participation of the public and the kind promotion on the part of the theatrical authority, and not in applause, whose origin is easily discovered, and which is calculated only to call forth a reaction from impartial observers."

## Humoresque.

THE latest style of hand organ is said to have only one stop. It begins in the morning and stops at night.

A COUNTRY critic says the music at a recent entertainment was worth three times the price of admission. The price of admission was twopence.

THE following story comes from the North. "When a certain opera company came to —," said the head of a large mantle house, "I noticed there were two or three expensive lace shawls sent home on approbation and returned on the morning after the performance. This set me thinking, and when Mrs. B— came in the day of an opera night, and asked to have one of the most expensive wraps home to look at, I just slipped out to the theatre, and bought a seat immediately behind those of Mr. and Mrs. B—. When I came in, a little late, there was Mrs. B— seated in front of me with the elegant lace wrap sent home in the morning over her shoulders. When she turned I treated her politely, and said I was delighted the wrap had suited her. She looked unhappy during the performance, but the shawl was not returned to me, and I charged my opera ticket to expense account."

SAD RESULTS OF HYMN-SINGING.—A Chicago man wanted a divorce because his wife persisted in singing hymns. The Court just laughed at him, and he would have lost his case had not the lawyer summoned the wife to the witness-stand and started her singing. At the fifth verse the Court threw up the sponge, and the divorce was granted.

SOME years ago a lady in the parish of M— engaged a domestic servant from the Highlands. In the evening the lady wanted supper brought in, so she rang the bell. Getting no answer, she repeated the summons, but with the same effect. She then proceeded to the kitchen, where, to her amazement, she found her servant almost convulsed with laughter. When Jessie saw her mistress, she pointed to the bell and exclaimed, "As sure's I live I never touched it, an' it's waggin' yet."

"THAT man is so good-natured that he would hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain," observed a wit of a brother-dramatist. Bravo, playwright! say we, if the duck happens to be a pretty girl.

A HOST IN HIMSELF.—Signor Mialini, the tenor, thinks no little of himself. When asked by a friend, "Were there many of you at dinner yesterday?" he replied, "Oh, no; there was myself—" "What a lot!" broke in his candid friend.

A GENTLEMAN and his wife, the latter with a six-months old infant in her arms, was about to enter the Opera House to see the performance one night, when the doorkeeper suddenly said, "Beg pardon, ma'am, but you can't take infants inside." "Very well," said the lady, "so much the better for me. You just take care of the little fellow until the play is over—and, by the way, here's the milk-bottle in case he should cry."

AT Ferrara the great violinist, Paganini, had a very narrow escape from being lynched. Enraged by a hiss from the pit whilst he was playing, he resolved to avenge the outrage, and at the end of the concert proposed to the audience to imitate the voices of various animals. After having rendered the notes of different birds, the mewling of a cat, and the barking of a dog, he finally advanced to the footlights, and calling out, "Questo è per quelli che han fischio!" ("This is for those who hissed"), imitated in an unmistakable manner the braying of a donkey. At this the pit rose to a man, rushed through the orchestra, climbed the stage, and would probably have killed Paganini if he had not taken to instantaneous flight. The explanation of this strange occurrence is that the people of Ferrara had a special reputation for stupidity, and that the appearance of a Ferrarese outside the town was the signal for a significant "hee-haw." We may well believe that this was Paganini's last public appearance there.

PAGANINI REDIVIVUS made his first appearance at the Albert Hall Concerts, Sheffield, on September 30. A contemporary has it that during the negotiations for this engagement the manager of the concerts sent the following telegram: "Please forward on opinions of the press at once;" to which Paganini Redivivus wired: "I have no press opinions; invent as many as you like." Did the violinist mean this for a joke? But then one must not accept everything that is said about artists.



## Children's Column.

## THE ITALIAN WANDERER.

THE captain of an English merchantman was walking at a hurried pace along the Cours, the principal street at Marseilles, intent upon transacting the last commercial business which detained him in the city.

His brig was lying in the harbour with all her crew on board; the wind was favourable. He stopped an instant at the door of an hotel, to bid farewell to a friend, when a little boy seized the skirt of his coat, and with almost extravagant volubility, accompanied by very significant gestures, showed that he had some favour of a peculiar nature to ask of the good-tempered seaman. The boy was evidently not a beggar, but the impatient captain thrust a few small coins into his hand, and increased the rapidity of his movement. Still his little friend was at his heels, and pursued him with unceasing perseverance, till they both stopped at the door of the merchant whom the Englishman sought. Fairly run to earth, he was obliged to grant a moment's attention to the importunate child; but even his patience was fruitless. The boy spoke only his native Italian, with the exception of a few of the very commonest words of French. The captain's acquaintance with languages was upon a level with that of many other honest voyagers, who would scorn to permit their own dear English to be corrupted by the slightest disuse. Still the boy was inexorably persevering; and the captain, to save time, was obliged to take him to his friend the merchant, who was proud of his talents as an interpreter, and delighted to carry on his correspondence with London, Hamburg, and Ceylon in the languages of their respective countries.

The mystery was speedily solved. The little Italian had followed the captain from the quay, where he had watched him giving the last orders to his men. He wanted to go to England.

"Psha! silly boy, what can he do in England? Does he mean to carry images, or exhibit monkeys?"

"He wants to find his father."

The poor child rapidly told his story. His father had been compelled, by the distractions of Italy, having taken an active part in the ill-judged Neapolitan insurrection, to fly from his native shores. He had left Julian, his only child, with a sister residing at Palermo. His relative was dead; he had no one to protect him; he had perhaps money enough to pay his passage to England; he was determined to seek his father.

"But what will the poor boy do when he gets to London? He will starve."

The doubt was communicated; but the anxious Julian exultingly produced twenty ducats, with which he proposed to pay his passage, and to maintain himself after his arrival.

The Englishman laughed, but the gesticulations of the boy were irresistible. The merchant made interest to procure for him a passport without delay. A handsome poodle, which the sailor had not before observed, was leaping upon the boy, who seemed anxious to communicate to the dog a decision which had caused him so much gladness.

"He does not mean to take that confounded cur with him?" said the sailor.

The interpreter remonstrated; but the boy was firm. The dog had wandered with him along the coast; had shared with him his scanty food and his leafy bed. He could not part with his dog; it was his dear father's favourite. The last appeal subdued the captain; and Julian and his dog were soon under weigh.

The young adventurer performed his voyage without any great perils. He found himself, after six weeks, in the streets of London, with his twenty ducats still in his pocket, for the good-natured captain gave him his passage; but he was without the slightest knowledge of any human being in the wide city; without the least clue to his father's address, for he had forgotten how the letters to his aunt were dated; and without any chance of procuring a subsistence when his little money was expended. But his object was to find his father, and to that purpose he devoted himself with such an enthusiasm as nothing but deep affection can supply. He wandered up and down the crowded streets; he lingered about the doors of hotels and coffee-houses; he even ventured to pronounce the name of the Marquis de—, but all

in vain. The wilderness of London was ever shifting its appearance, though ever the same. He was lost in wonder and perplexity, but he did not despair.

At the end of three months the unfortunate Julian was without a shilling. He had met with boys of Italy, but they were low and profligate vagabonds, and they drove him from their company as much as he shunned them. He perceived that there were irregular modes of obtaining subsistence in London. He went into the parks and attracted the attention of the idlers there with his faithful dog. Numberless were the tricks that Pedro could execute, and they were of infinite use to poor Julian in his extremity.

The little wanderer soon became comparatively rich. He observed that the English were fond of street music. One evening he ventured to sing in a bye-court a song of Italy. The attempt succeeded. His means thus increased. He was invited to join an itinerant party that compelled a subsistence out of the musical barbarism of England. For some months he led a vagabond life with his companions; but Julian was a boy of real taste, and he despised their filthy and pilfering habits. He hated also the hurdy-gurdy, upon which he learned to play, but he was instructed that the English are fond of that delicious instrument, and it became the constant companion of his wanderings.

Two years had passed in this wretched state of existence. Julian was growing beyond childhood; he was ashamed of his occupation, but he could not starve, and the thought that he might meet his father supported him.

The wandering pair, Julian and his dog Pedro, had one day been exhibiting their choicest performances at the door of a cottage. The master sung his merriest airs, and the dog balanced a stick with wonderful agility. They were invited within the walls, for the children had possession of the premises. Julian was weary, and had sat down, while four happy urchins were delighting themselves with the tricks of poor Pedro. Very uproarious was the joy, when in an instant the little company was alarmed by the voice of a gentleman upstairs—the lodger in one bedroom.

With a step of authority the interrupter of mirth descended. He was a thin, pale personage in very shabby black; and his domicile was established at this cottage, in a suburb of London, as he had the honour to teach Italian, at four guineas *per annum* each, to six delightful pupils, at the "Brunswick House Establishment for Young Ladies." He reproved the English in very broken English. Julian discovered a countryman; the sagacious poodle recognised a near acquaintance. In an instant the dog ceased his tricks and was at the feet of the gentleman in black. Julian blushed, then grew white, then stared, then rose from his seat, and at the moment when the well-known voice exclaimed to the faithful dog, "Poverino! Poverino!" the boy sighed out, "Mio Padre!" and was in his father's arms.

The Marquis de— has trebled the number of his pupils, and is very contented with an income of seventy pounds *per annum*. Julian has cultivated his musical taste; and it is not unlikely that in the ensuing winter he may obtain an engagement in the orchestra of one of the minor theatres.

## The Monochord.

(Written during Music.)

Is it the moved air or the moving sound

That is Life's self and draw, my life from me,  
And by instinct ineffable decree

Holds my breath quailing on the bitter bound?

Nay, is it Life or Death, thus thunder-crown'd,

That 'mid the tide of all emergency

Now notes my separate wave, and to what sea  
Its difficult eddies labour in the ground?

Oh! what is this that knows the road I came,

The flame turned cloud, the cloud returned to flame,

The lifted shifted steeps and all the way?—

That draws round me at last this wind-warm space,

And in regenerate rapture turns my face

Upon the devious coverts of dismay?

D. G. ROSSETTI.

## Music in Song.

## On Music.

MUSIC, oh! how faint, how weak,  
Language fades before thy spell!  
Why should feeling ever speak  
When thou canst breathe her soul so well?

THOMAS MOORE.

## A Blind Boy's Song.

AND music, what is it, and where does it dwell?  
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell,  
While touched to my heart with its deep thrilling strain,  
Till pleasure, till pleasure is turning to pain.  
What brightness of hue is with music combined?  
Will anyone tell me? I'm blind! Oh, I'm blind!

HANNAH F. GOULD.

## From "Matt." Hyland.

HE sadly changed his tuneful tongue  
To notes like sounds of soft leaves shivering;  
So sweet his strains that violets there,  
Awakened from their odorous slumbers,  
Looked up into the stilly air  
To catch the spirit of his numbers.

GERALD GRIFFIN

## Hymn on the Nativity.

WHEN such music sweet  
Their hearts and ears did greet,  
As never was by mortal finger strook;  
Divinely-warbled voice  
Answering the stringed noise,  
As all their souls in blissful rapture took.

JOHN MILTON.

THEN, crowned again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side  
Like quivers hung, and with preamble sweet,  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
Their sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No voice exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part; such concord is in heaven.

Paradise Lost, Book III.

## In a Rapture.

UPON his instrument he plays so swiftly,  
So many voluntaries, and so quick,  
That there was curiosity and cunning,  
Concord in discord, lines of differing method  
Meeting in one full centre of delight.

JOHN FORD.

PREPOSTEROUS ass! That never read so far  
To know the cause why music was ordained!  
Was it not to refresh the mind of man  
After his studies, or his usual pain?  
In sweet music is such art  
Killing care or grief of heart.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

## Lay of the Last Minstrel.

IN varying cadence soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along;  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants were all forgot.

"And while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the latest minstrel sung."

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OH, what a gentle ministrant is music  
To piety—to mild, to penitent piety!  
Oh, it gives plumage to the tardy prayer  
That lingers in our lazy, earthly air,  
And melts with it to heaven!

DEAN MILMAN.

## Percy Reliques.

WHERE gripping griefs the hart would wounde,  
And dolefull dumps the mynde oppresse,  
There musicke with her silver sound,  
With spede is wont to send redresse;  
Of troubled mynds, in every sore,  
Swete musicke hath a salve in store.

RICHARD EDWARDS.





# LEGEND.

C. V. STANFORD.

MODERATO, CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.

VIOLIN. *PFte.*

*p*

*pp*

*pp*

*cres.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

*p*

*cres.*

*mf*

*cres.*

*f*

*p*

*rit.*



ALLEGRETTO.

*p leggiero.*

*f*

*p*

*p*

*pp* *cres.*

*dim.* *rall.* *p*

TEMPO 1º

*mf*

*pp*

*mf* *cres.* *f* *p tranquillo.*

*f* *tr.* *cul G.*



# LEGEND

For Pianoforte and Violin.

C. V. STANFORD.

*MODERATO CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE.*

VIOLIN.

PIANO.

The musical score for "Legend" by C. V. Stanford is written for Violin and Piano. It is in 3/4 time and the key of B-flat major. The tempo and expression marking is "MODERATO CON MOLTO ESPRESSIONE." The score is divided into four systems. The Violin part is on the top staff of each system, and the Piano part is on the bottom two staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, slurs, and dynamic markings (p, pp, mp, mf, cresc.).

**System 1:** The Violin part begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note Bb4. The Piano part begins with a half note G3, followed by a quarter note A3, and then a half note Bb3. The dynamic marking is *p*.

**System 2:** The Violin part continues with a half note C5, followed by a quarter note D5, and then a half note E5. The Piano part continues with a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a half note A4. The dynamic marking is *pp*.

**System 3:** The Violin part continues with a half note Bb4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a half note G4. The Piano part continues with a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a half note A4. The dynamic marking is *mp*.

**System 4:** The Violin part continues with a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a half note A4. The Piano part continues with a half note F4, followed by a quarter note G4, and then a half note A4. The dynamic marking is *mf*.



First system of musical notation. The upper staff (treble clef) begins with a *cres.* marking, followed by a *f* (forte) dynamic, and then a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lower staff (bass clef) features a *f* dynamic in the first measure and a *p* dynamic in the second measure. Both staves contain complex melodic and harmonic structures, including triplets and slurs.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with a melodic line featuring several triplets. The lower staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with various chordal textures and melodic fragments.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a *cres.* marking. The lower staff also features a *cres.* marking. The music continues with intricate melodic and harmonic development.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The lower staff also starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The system concludes with a *cres.* marking in the upper staff.



First system of musical notation. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). It begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and features a melodic line with slurs and a trill-like ornament. The lower staff is in bass clef, also in two flats, and provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line, ending with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, with some measures featuring sustained chords.

*ALLEGRETTO.*

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a *Va* (Vivace) marking, followed by a *rit.* (ritardando) and then a *p leggiero.* (piano, light) marking. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, with a *rit.* marking in the middle.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line. The lower staff features a piano (*p*) dynamic and includes a section with rapid sixteenth-note passages in the right hand.



First system of musical notation. The upper staff (treble clef) begins with a *cres.* marking, followed by a *f* (forte) dynamic and then a *p* (piano) dynamic. The lower staff (bass clef) features a *f* dynamic followed by a *p* dynamic. Both staves include triplets and slurs.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues with a melodic line featuring triplets. The lower staff provides harmonic support with chords and triplets.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a *cres.* marking. The lower staff also features a *cres.* marking. The music continues with complex rhythmic patterns and slurs.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a *mf* (mezzo-forte) dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The lower staff also starts with a *mf* dynamic and includes a *cres.* marking. The system concludes with a *cres.* marking in the upper staff.



First system of musical notation, measures 1-4. The system consists of a single melodic line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The first measure begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a trill. The melody is marked with a slur and a crescendo hairpin. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords and eighth notes in the left hand.

Second system of musical notation, measures 5-8. The system continues the melodic and piano parts. The melody has a slur and a crescendo hairpin, ending with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking. The piano accompaniment continues with its eighth-note pattern and a bass line with chords. The key signature remains two flats, and the time signature is 2/4.

ALLEGRETTO.

Third system of musical notation, measures 9-12. The system includes a key signature change to one flat (F major) and a time signature change to 3/4. The melody starts with a piano (*pp*) dynamic, followed by a *rit.* (ritardando) marking, and then a *p leggiero.* (piano, light) marking. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords. The key signature is one flat, and the time signature is 3/4.

Fourth system of musical notation, measures 13-16. The system continues the melodic and piano parts. The melody is marked with a piano (*p*) dynamic. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a bass line with chords. The key signature remains one flat, and the time signature is 3/4.







First system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and a melodic line with a slur. The lower staff also begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and features a complex, fast-moving accompaniment. The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic in both staves.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a *dim.* (diminuendo) marking. The lower staff features a *dim.* marking and a *gva.* (glissando) marking. The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic in both staves.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff includes a *rall.* (rallentando) marking and a *TEMPO 10* instruction. The lower staff also includes a *rall.* marking and a piano (*p*) dynamic. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic in both staves.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff begins with a mezzo-piano (*mp*) dynamic. The lower staff includes a piano (*p*) dynamic and a *col. 2da* (second color) marking. The system concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic in both staves.



First system of musical notation. The upper staff features a melodic line with a triplet of eighth notes and a half note, followed by a rest and a half note. The lower staff contains a complex accompaniment with sixteenth-note patterns, triplets, and sixteenth-note chords. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present.

Second system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff features a dense texture with sixteenth-note patterns, triplets, and sixteenth-note chords. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present.

Third system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff features a dense texture with sixteenth-note patterns, triplets, and sixteenth-note chords. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present.

Fourth system of musical notation. The upper staff continues the melodic line with a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff features a dense texture with sixteenth-note patterns, triplets, and sixteenth-note chords. A *pp* (pianissimo) dynamic marking is present.



*p*  
*tranquillo.*  
*pp*

*ppp*

*stacc.*  
*sul G.*



# OLD ENGLISH DITTIES.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF ARTICLE ON "NATIONAL MUSIC."

"It was a lover and his lass."

(Printed in 1600.)

From SHAKESPEARE'S "AS YOU LIKE IT."

Moderate time. ( $\text{♩} = 96.$ )

Key F.

*p* *cres.*

V. 1. It was a lo-ver and his lass, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny  
V. 2. Be-tween the a-cres of the rye, With a hey, with a ho, with a hey nonny

no, And a hey ..... nonny no ni no, That o'er the green corn-fields did pass, In  
no, And a hey ..... nonny no ni no, These pret-ty coun-try fools did lie, In



spring time, in spring time, in spring time, The on-ly pret-ty ring time, When



birds do sing, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Hey ding a ding a ding, Sweet



lov ers love the spring.



"Christmas comes but once a year."

(GREEN LEAVES.)

Before 1580.

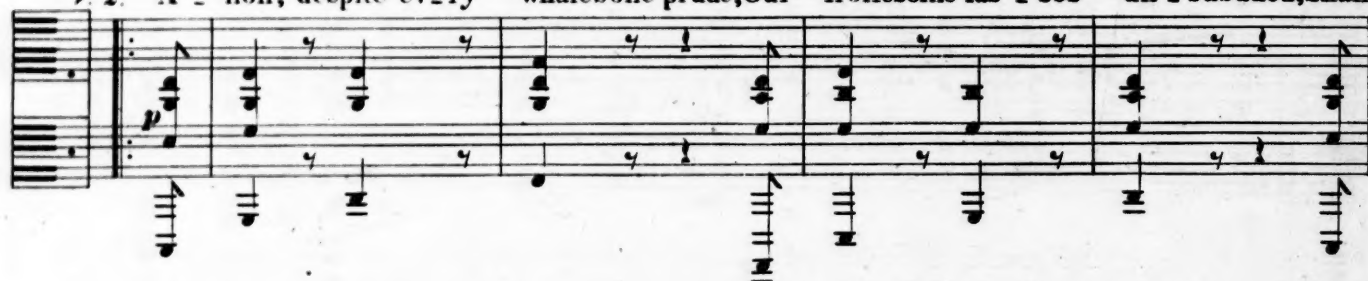
Words completed from a fragment, by G. Macfarren.

*Jovially.* (♩ = 100.)

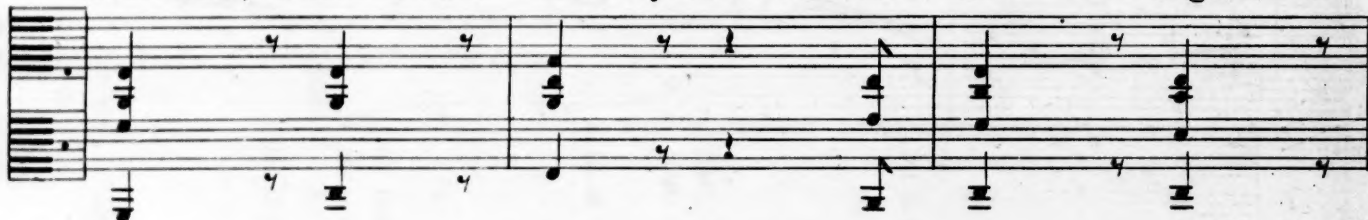
2  
p.  
Key F.



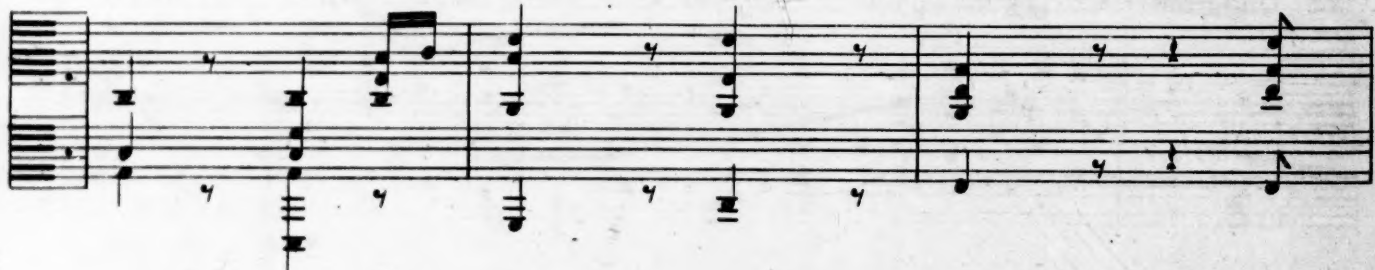
*F. 1.* Let's dance and sing, and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year; The  
*F. 2.* A - non, despite ev'ry whalebone prude, Our frolicsome las - ses un - subdued, Shall



Hol - ly shall deck our house-hold gear With its bloom - ing win - - ter  
rouse the old man from his drow - sy mood With the mis - le - toe bough, and its



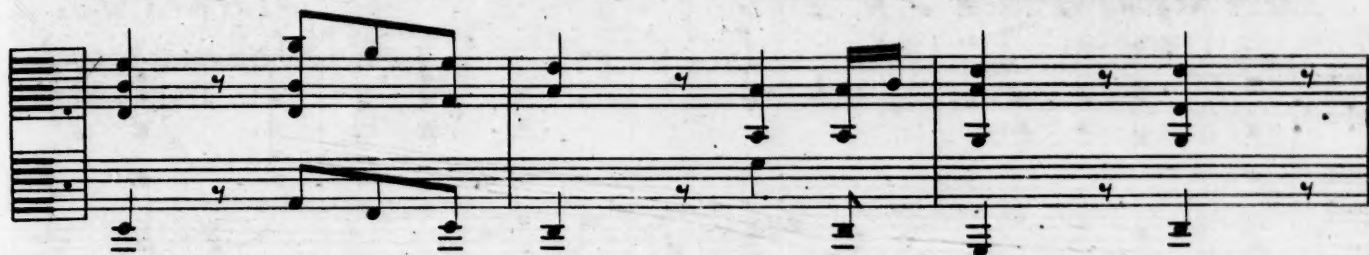
cher - - ry; We'll burn the Yule log, ma - ny ta - pers we'll light, And with  
ber - - ry: Then hey for a romp and a shriek and a bound, A



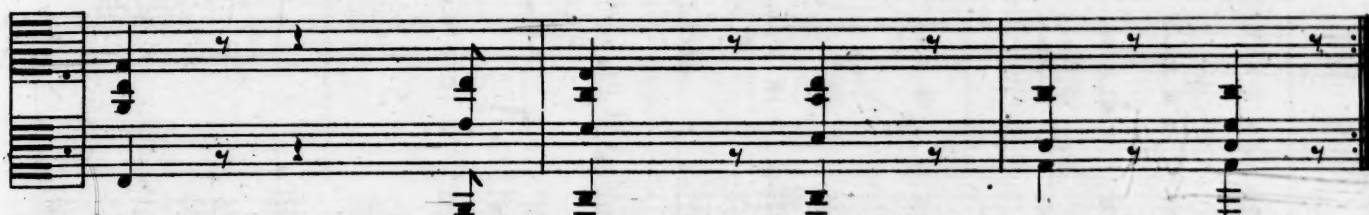




hearts more warm, and with looks more bright, We'll put the cold weather and  
 coun - try dance, and a mer - ry - go - round, And the Lord of Mis - rule, as in



care to flight, And make old Christ - mas mer - - ry.  
 du - ty bound, Shall make old Christ - mas mer - - ry.



"Come, companions, join your voices."

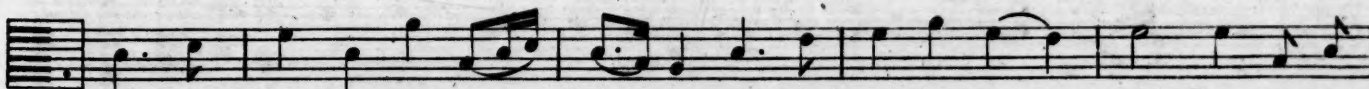
(DULCE DOMUM)

Seventeenth Century.

Tune attributed to John Reading.

Moderate time, and smoothly. ( $\text{♩} = 100$ )

$\frac{4}{4}$   
 Key G.



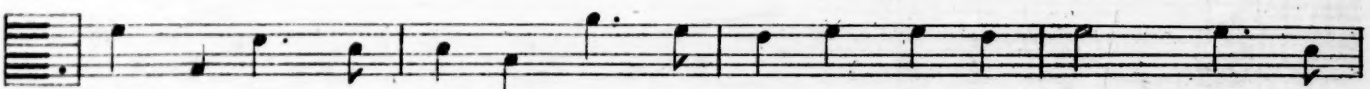
V.1. Come, com - panions, join your voi - ces, Hearts with pleasure bound - ing, Sing we the

V.2. Quit, my wea - ry muse, your labours, Quit your books and learn - ing; Ba - nish all





no-ble lay, Sweet song of ho-li-day, Joys of home, sweet home re-sounding, Home! sweet  
cares a-way, Welcome the ho-li-day, Hearts for home and free-dom yearning. Home! sweet



home, with ev - 'ry plea-sure, Home! with ev - 'ry bless-ing crown'd! Home! our  
home, with ev - 'ry plea-sure, Home! with ev - 'ry bless-ing crown'd! Home! our



best de-light and treasure! Home! the wel - come strain re - sound!  
best de-light and treasure! Home! the wel - come strain re - sound!





# THE HEART'S QUESTIONING.

WORDS BY W. OSTERWALD.

Translated for the Magazine of Music.

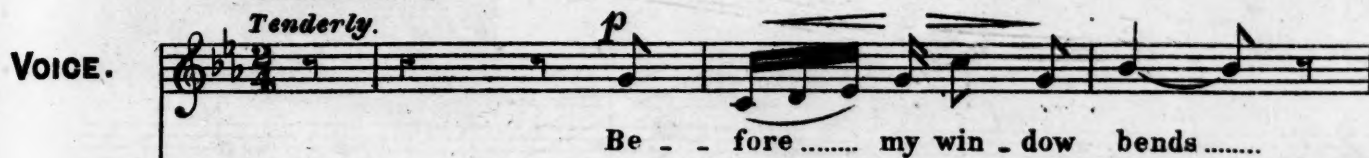
MUSIC BY ROBERT FRANZ.

Op. 26. No 1.

*ANDANTINO.*

*Tenderly.*

VOICE.



PIANO.



*mf* *p*

seem - ing, Would'st by thy quiv'ring end, My hearts sweet dream - ing?

*mf* *p* *f*

*Ad.* \*

*mf*

Still swing - ing to and fro - .....

*mf* *p*

*Ad.* \*

Say has he miss'd me, Shall I his true love

*mf* *p*

*p*

know, ..... As when he kiss'd ..... me? .....

*p*

*Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \* *Ad.* \*

Wri

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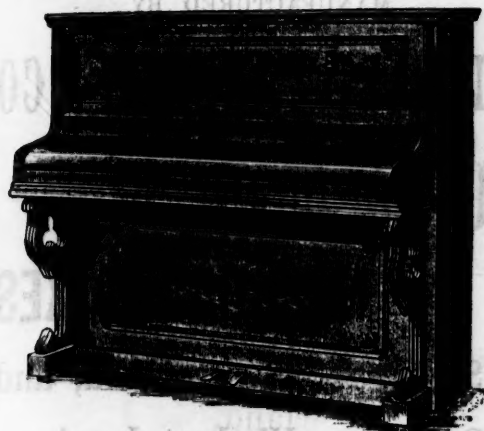
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